Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1838. VOL. VII. No. 49.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have in hand two valuable communications, one from a distinguished friend in Louisiana, the other from "Expedition," an unknown correspondent in Illinois. We need not say that they will appear, but we are not sure but we shall reserve them for a few weeks, that we may bring up our lee way in English intelligence, and have them on hand to embellish the first number of our new volume withal.

"Boots" will appear, if there be room, next week. The length of several communications received before his, crowded him out this week.

To our friend J. J. H B., we remark that the absence of our better half has delayed the searches which we shall be pleased to make for him. But the business is in hand, and we hope soon to forward the result.

B., from Washington, will excuse us for omitting his communication, when he reads an article on the same subject in our columns this week.

To Seebright we again return our thanks for his most spirited communication. May he long continue to favor us.

To L. J. P. we have but to say that his files are assorted, and will be forwarded upon the completion of the present volume. Should he desire it, we can have them bound for him, and should be glad if he would designate a safer and cheaper means of transmitting them than the United States Mail.

R. of I., Miss., is informed that we are gathering together as fast as possible the desired articles. The postage, if sent by mail, will exceed the cost of the articles.

A. B.'s favors were duly received, and a proper disposition made of his enclosures.

We have been reserving files, as ordered, for several subscribers. The volume being nearly complete, they will please inform us if they wish them bound, and also give directions as to transmiting them.

Things Theatrical.

THE PARK.—We have a novelty at our theatres at last, and well worth while is it to go and see it. Twice during the week have we listened delighted to KNOWLES's new and beautiful comedy—*The Love Chase*. It is a delicious thing altogether, and presents more scope for good—yes, great acting, than any comedy of modern times, that we remember.

Unfortunately, no stock company in this country can do the play anything like proper justice; yet the Park management, judiciously improving the opportunity of Mrs SHAW's engagement, brought out the play with what power the company afforded, and has unquestionably secured its popularity for the season.

It is a source of the highest satisfaction to us, that the flattering success of The Love Chase has been achieved at the Park by the lady whose various and rare qualifications we took an early opportunity to announce to our readers, and who we then predicted was destined to become an immense favorite. Up to the time of the production of the new piece, Mrs. Shaw had seldom an opportunity of appearing in that line of character so suited to her powers, and we began to fear that this talented lady would again leave us, without having produced that impression on this community which we were sure her capabilities justified us in believing to be within her reach.

Since the appearance of FANNY KEMBLE in the *Hunchback*, we have witnessed nothing so triumphant as Mrs. Shaw's *Constance*. It is a character affording an unlimited scope to the very highest powers, and situations the most interesting. The phases of passion are continually changing, and the author has indulged his brightest fancy in depicting the various emotions of the female heart, as it is affected by love—scorn—jealousy—pride, and generosity; yet every picture is toned and tempered by the pervading joyousness and spirit of the original disposition, and in no instance exhibits anything short of brilliant developments of the richest order of merit.

It was a glad sight to see the spirit and dashing style with which Mrs. Shaw glided into the character, and through five long acts kept up an enthusiastic interest in all beholders. Nothing could be happier than her arch and graceful manner of delivering the thousand exquisite gems in which the part abounds. There was consummate art, too, in the ready adaptation of the tones of voice to the expression of the varying passions, and then the sunny smile, and the wicked laugh, and the hoyden boldness of the cruel tyrant, were each and all given to the life. And well was this beautiful and talented lady recompensed for her great exertions, for long is it since we have heard anything like the tumultuous applause bestowed on the enactment throughout. Mrs. Shaw has now established for herself an enviable reputation, which her future efforts must greatly enhance, and we believe will place her so nigh the topmost pinnacle, that Miss TREE must look to her laurels, or generously divide them.

We have dwelt thus long on the performance of Mrs. Shaw, because she altogether more than any other one, contributed to the success of the play, and particularly because we think that, for some cause or other, this lady's very high attainments in her profession, as well as great personal attractions, have been overlooked, in a measure, since she has been in our country. In this city at least this will now no longer be the case, and we repeat what we hear on all sides, when we express the hope that the management at the Park will not lightly part with talents so sterling.

Our readers must not imagine that the interest of this beautiful comedy is limited to the character of *Constance*. The author has literally loaded it with characters demanding talents of the highest order. In fact, there are three distinct plots merged into one play, and thus a natural entanglement seems passing before you, which for a time amuses and delights. However intricate and inextricable everything appears, you patiently follow the mazy windings to the final consummation.

The character paired with *Constance* is *Wildrake*. This was in the hands of RICHINGS, and we should have supposed it peculiarly well suited to his powers, but we regret to say that he marred it most wretchedly by his affectation. One at our elbow tells us this is the error most actors fall into who attempt it, and that at another house it was, for the same reason, even worse played. But Mr. Richings must amend this; he must throw a heartiness and a life into his representation, and drop altogether that "Master Modus" style of stupid whining. He gives us neither the easy rusticity of a country gentleman in the early portions, nor the awkwardness of the assumed coxcomb in the after scens, but instead, he gives us "Tony Lumpkin," stiff and stupid, and a cockney dandy of the first water, and both utterly affected in word and action.

We still believe Mr. R. entirely capable of doing himself great credit in this part, and have therefore attempted to point out the error into which he has fallen, of supposing it an unnatural character, and therefore playing it unnaturally.—It is, on the contrary, all nature and simplicity.

The next pair in importance, as here played, was in the hands of PLACIDE and Mrs. WHEATLEY. The *Widow Green* was much better played than *Sir William Fondlove*. Mr. Placide plays the part too old by twenty years, he absolutely makes himself decrepit and tottering, when he should throw into the part all the fire, stamina, and muscle of *his own* "Uncle John." How could a man absolutely old ever warm himself into such a magnificent description of the Widow Green as *Sir William* indulges in? The character, too, has much more dignity than was given to it. In this respect it is quite on a par with *Sir Peter Teazle*, and should be so represented.

Now comes the third pair in this chase of love.—Mrs. RICHARDSON played *Lydia*, and WHEATLEY *Waller*. The parts are so entirely beyond their powers, that they both seemed to despair of giving anything more than a tolerable reading of them, and of course the characters became entirely subordinate, although they by no means would do so in the hands of those capable of a faithful enactment of their touching beauties.

But it is not to be expected that all the parts of *such* a comedy would be rendered effective. To do so would require a constellation of talent such as in this country is never congregated beneath the roof of one theatre. Should the occasion ever offer, it would be a sight worth seeing to witness this comedy cast with a strength of talent adequate to a faithful delineation of all its parts. In such a case we have no doubt it would be pronounced the best dramatic production that has ever come from the pen of its accomplished, amiable, and unrivalled author.

Madame CARADORI ALLEN is again with us, drawing crowded houses. Her indisposition prevented her appearance on Monday last, but on Wednesday evening she was greeted by the most fashionable house we have seen at the Park for weeks. The first row of boxes presented an assemblage of beauty and fashion such as rarely honors any theatre. We thought the effects of her late indisposition were manifest in her singing, but still her most sweet voice, and the delicious music of the opera, were enough to bring down the warmest plaudits. No opera within our recollection contains so many gems of the richest melody, such as seize at once upon the senses of the audience, and are hailed upon every repetition with such enthusiastic delight. *La Sonnambula* abounds in sweet passages that haunt one's memory for days and weeks after we hear them. Mr. BROUGH found himself too hoarse to go through his part of *Rodolpho*,—an apology was made, and Richings went on for him, and did more than was expected from him. Mr. Jones sung the music allotted to Elvino with singular precision and taste. There is something quite paradoxical in the standing of this gentleman amongst us. Though acknowledged on all hands as a most scientific musician, with a fine voice, yet is he not popular. His unrivalled execution of his music in La Bayadere, (and we must itstance that most touching passage, "yet she is but a *Bayadere*,") ought to place him at the head of his profession; not only in fame, but in downright, substantial popularity. The less we say of the remaining cast of the opera, the better. The Park chorus changes so rarely, that we greet each member of it as an old friend upon the stage. It is exceedingly well drilled, and as the charm of La Sonnambula depends much upon the proper execution of its rich choruses, we owe it much. We are quite sure that it combines, too, more grace and beauty, than were ever before collected in this country, to do justice to the sweet conceptions of such a master as Bellini.

LECOMTE still reigns at the Park in her art. There is no falling off in the admiration of her friends, and she is fast overcoming the prejudices raised against her in the early period of her first engagement. Her benefit will soon take place, and every admirer of the poetry of motion, as perfectly exemplified in her dancing Bayadere, will be on hand to reward her exertions with loud applause.

MR. J. K. MASON.—It has been announced in the daily prints that this gentleman has finally retired from the stage. We should do injustice to our feelings did we fail to remark how great we esteem his loss to the Park company. He has long been connected with it, and indeed has been one of its most distinguished ornaments. And not only in his public capacity has his demeanor been honorable to him, but both on and off the stage he has been signally marked as an honorable gentleman. Happiness, and a kind fortune, attend him in his new career.

We learn that Mrs. Bailey reached New Orleans on the 5th inst., in company with Mr. and Mrs. Plumer. Our Southern friends must greet them warmly. Mrs. B. and Plumer are capital musicians, and sing sweetly. Mrs. Plumer we have never seen upon the stage, but are assured by one who witnessed it, that her debut at the West in Knowles' *Julia*, was exceedingly effective. She has every endowment to place her, with the proper study, at the head of her laborious profession.

FROM OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, (D. C.) Jan. 10, 1838.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Times.

Have you time and patience, Sir, to bestow a sketch of the dramatic history of W. during Mr. VANDENHOFF's *reign*? I will *try* to be brief. Mr. WARD opened the National on the first, and the public expressed their thanks for his efforts, and their sense of Mr. Vandenhoff's talents, in the most approved manner—by crowding the theatre. Let me assure you that it requires no common degree of patience and perseverance to manage a theatre here, for the drama has two powerful rivals in politics and parties, and the actor who sees the house two thirds filled, may consider himself to have achieved a triumph. Mr. V's first appearance was in "Cato," and I believe all who witnessed it were moved by one spirit in their encomiums. On Thesday evening came "Macbeth," and, though the audience, in point of numbers, was far inferior to that of the preceding night, (for many persons, you know, feel no interest in a play after it has lost the zest of novelty, and Macbeth, to the public in general, is devoid of that interest) yet there were those present who considered Mr. Vandenhoff's personation of that character as superior to that of any other actor. For the "dagger scene," as it is usually styled, those whose nerves have been ever unstrung by strong mental agitation, can vouch for its perfection. On Wednesday the performance was "Coriolanus," in which it seemed as if author and actor had been of intelligence (excuse the gallicism) to immortalize each other. Don't be alarmed, I am not going to criticise;—*criticise Mr. Vandenhoff*—no, no—far from me be such audacity! I will only try to explain what I *felt*, for I had no inclination to *think*. The truly Promethean spark with which Mr. V. endowed Shakspeare's creation, could not but make one feel as if Caius Marius had been returned to earth, to rebuke demagogues and time-servers; holding his *country* in respect and love, but uncompromising in his sternness to those whose headstrong violence, or low ambition, would render her contemptible. The rebuke to Virgilia was given with the pride of the soldier flushed with success, added to the prejudices of patrician education—

> "Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
> That weep'st to see me triumph!"—

but as affection swept away those superficial barriers of the heart, and he allowed her tribute—

> "Ah, my dear,
> Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
> And mothers that lack sons!"

the sublimity of nature's mandates was fully expressed in his features.

In his scenes with the tribunes, his sudden heat at their plots, "To curb the will of the nobility," checked by his withering scorn for the "Triton of the minnows," and the burst of noble passion at the false accusation against himself, were truly spirit-stirring. His veneration to "the most noble mother i' the world," was most perfectly sustained in his efforts to curb, for her sake, the impetuosity which knew no other restraint.

When Aufidius stigmatizes the Romans as "The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers," the calm superiority of Mr. V's look and voice, as he replied—"The seed of God!" was most intellectual, and, to the last taunt of the Volcian, replying,

> "If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
> That like an eagle in a dovecote, I
> Fluttered your Volces in Corioli!
> Alone I did it!—Boy!"

The proud consciousness of mental and corporeal triumph which beamed in his countenance, received its due tribute from all who beheld it.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Vandenhoff appeared in Virginius. The close attention which was paid him must be more flattering to a discriminating mind, than the loudest plaudits; yet of these there was no lack. I heard a mother say, (and who can judge more truly?) "he is nature's self!"

On Friday, "Coriolanus" was repeated, and on Saturday, "Hamlet" was performed for Mr. Vandenhoff's benefit, to one of the most (some say *the* most) crowded houses ever seen in Washington. Towards the close of the second scene of the third act, an alarm of fire was raised, and in a moment all was commotion. You have called me "spirited," but I fear you will retract, when I confess my tameness on this occasion. The smell of burning pine was becoming very disagreeable—I heard the word "fire" whispered, and cast *one* glance over my shoulder; the smoke was entering the box door, and those back of me were preparing for a move; but I—turned my eyes upon the Prince of Denmark," and, "as I live to tell thee," when the scene closed, and I looked around, I was alone: I was seated in the middle of a front bench; yet, when, or how, those on each side of me had retreated, I could not have told had my life indeed been at stake. Had I been burned up, ought not Mr. Vandenhoff to have been indicted for—manslaughter? I immediately perceived that my party could not rally beyond the box door, and as a large portion of the population of W. seemed in the full tide of successful experiment, as to the pleasures, utility, &c., of being crushed to death, I stood still, arguing with Macbeth,

> "Come what come may
> Time and the hour run through the roughest day!"

And so it proved, for the next moment Mr. Vandenhoff's appearance on the stage created attention, and confidence, before his voice could be heard in assurances "that there was not the least foundation for the alarm;" and there was the ghost too—Mr. Ward—the first ghost, I presume, whose demeanor was ever watched with satisfaction. In short, the affair was *all smoke*, thrown out of one of the stoves, probably to create the confusion so favorable to "chevaliers d'industrie." In less than half an hour order was restored—Hamlet was "himself again," and received as breathless attention as if no interruption had drawn him from his state.

What a merciless scrawl! But I will make only one remark on Hamlet.—That Mr. Vandenhoff's conception of this character, relieves it from Johnson's charge of rudeness and wanton cruelty to Ophelia, and makes us wonder how we could have misconstrued the demeanor of one in whose heart the secret horror that oppressed him, his affection, and his vows to "wipe away all trivial fond records" from his memory, were contending. In the after-piece of the "Hunter of the Alps," Mr. V. was received with much applause in the part of Felix di Rosani, and at the close of the performances he was called for with stunning energy. He expressed briefly his gratification at beholding so brilliant an assembly, and very ably made a few remarks on the necessity of calmness on occasions of sudden alarms in crowded places, and took his leave amid continued applause.

I must not omit to mention the satisfaction evinced on the re-appearance of Mrs. Hughes—a lady whose taste and experience would render her a valuable acquisition to any stage; here, she is indispensable. Throughout last week she sustained the characters of Lady Macbeth, Volumnia, and the Queen, in Hamlet, with fidelity and spirit.

"A. B."

NATIONAL THEATRE.

BROOKLYN, Friday Evening, Jan. 12, 1838.

MR. EDITOR,—I am an attentive reader of your paper, especially the theatrical articles; but why pass over in silence the doings at the National Theatre? one would think there was no other theatre in New York besides "Old Drury;" it looks like partiality.—"Render unto Cæsar," &c. I am respectfully yours,

AN OCCASIONAL PLAY-GOER.

P.S. The *Love Chase* has been produced at the National: you seem not to be aware of this fact. I am entirely unconnected with any theatre, and ever have been. Please forgive the liberty I have taken in addressing these lines to you.

If "An Occasional Play-goer" had been "an attentive reader," he would have observed some remarks of our's on this very topic. It is very true that we rarely wander so far as the *National*, and that we take no official notice of its career. The same causes which led us to discontinue our notices of that theatre still subsist in their full force, and for aught that we can do, may continue to do so. But as we have no doubt that our silence is a matter of perfect indifference to the manager, even if he be aware of it, we cannot think we are guilty of any great neglect or injustice.

GERMAN MASTERS.—With Haydn, and especially in his *first* works, *form* seems to govern science. His musical thought adhering closely to the established rules, nevertheless animated them with a new spirit; and sometimes he metamorphoses them. It may be said to be a sportiveness of form, but it is the sport of an innocent and calm spirit, that yields to its impulses, which are grace and serenity. For the rest, magnificence and dignity characterises the genius of Haydn. In his compositions, the plaintive is unaffected, the melancholy mild; and neither the one nor the other is manifested with violence. Mozart combined *form* and *science*. The structure of his compositions is generall symmetrical; his means are, *contrasts* and *repetition*; but melody, harmony, and rhythm form in them a sublime whole. His music expresses the deepest melancholy, as well as the most exalted joy; and we may say of him as Laertes said to Ophelia:—

> Thought and affection, passion, hell itself,
> She turns to favor and to prettiness.

Besides all these qualities, what caused Mozart to be the very centre of the classical musical world, is the happy union of song with instrumental music, in the true German sense. "Don Juan," the *chef d'œuvre* of his creations, is, on that account, the sublimest opera that Germany or any other nation possesses. In Beethoven, *science* gains the ascendancy over *form*. His thoughts reach the last limits of the power of sounds. From the height upon which he placed himself, he contemplated nature in its charms, in its struggles, in its horrors. Freeing himself from all the shacklers of symmetry, (his genius disdained *forms*,) he followed, without hesitation, the new road which he had traced. Combining the sprightliness and the *naïveté* of Haydn, with the profound melancholy and the richness of harmony of Mozart, Beethoven seized the spirit of all instruments, and the result of his efforts is artistical independence—the true sovereignty of instrumental music. But *song* could not bend to this violent action, and these poetical exigencies; and, therefore, it remained to a considerable extent a stranger to Beethoven.

Musical World.

LONGEVITY OF ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.—Maclin's precise age is not known, farther than he had attained his 90th year, and performed Shylock at the age of 70 and upwards, with his usual excellence, except occasionally his memory failing.—Mrs. Abingdon, the original Lady Teazle in the School for Scandal, died in her 84th year.—Mr. Smith, known as gentleman Smith, who was the best Charles Surface in the School for Scandal that ever appeared, was between 80 and 90 years of age; and a few years before his death played Charles inimitably, for the benefit of his friend Wroughton. Mrs. Kemble, the widow of the late John Kemble, the original Maria in the same admirable comedy, is still alive, and is 82. Jack Johnstone was about 80; Jack Bannister, 76; Pope, 75; the late Powell, 77. Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Crawford, and others, lived also to an old age; but the longest lived performers, it appears, are the comedians.

TRYING TO RULE A RASH HORSE.

BY JIM CROW.

"Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind."—MAZEPPA.

You who have experienced the pain of seeing the hounds depart for covert on a fine scent-lying morning, left behind, having nothing to ride, to the agreeable occupation of escorting some Tartuffish old aunt through the various small wares and gossip of the village shops, or listening to the interesting process of growing *mangel-wurzel*, inflicted on your impatient ear by your worthy Uncle, laid up with his annual fit of the gout, cross and growling as a bear with a cut head—you can alone have a correct idea of my sensations as I mounted my said relative's intractable colt Brimstone, by Dare Devil, dam by Skyrocket, with one groom carefully standing at his head, while another held up the mounting leg, and a third stood with a whip behind his back, ready to hand me when mounted—the said animal not permitting any of the human kind to approach him with the same. My Uncle—peace be with his ashes! for he no longer snuffs the vital air—had (as what gentleman in Ireland has not?) a numerous band of retainers, and this will account for three grooms aiding and abetting my mounting the horse, which, being a species of animal not very numerous at Rook Lodge, might have subjected me to what every unpractised hand at writing must hold in pretty considerable dread—criticism. My Uncle was a fair-and-easy country gentleman—Squire I may say; but that term is more applicable to our English neighbors: he had some capital farms, old takes, when land could be had for a song, and devoted his time to agriculture.

From my earliest youth I was a frequent visitor at the Lodge: it lay convenient to the school where I was sent as a boarder for my education; and on Saturday afternoon my Uncle would drive up from the court-house, where he attended the Petit Sessions as Magistrate, and obtain the master's permission to have me spend the Sunday at his house. The visit of Sunday was often spun into two with the intervening week, and often the master said, "It was *rooks* and not *books* was troubling me." Here I first learned to ride with hounds, tally a fox, soho a hare, and drink whisky-punch, in which last accomplishment my worthy Uncle was no mean preceptor.

My Uncle's stud, from the first time I knew him, had invariably continued the same. Of course I do not allude to his farm-cattle: these, to tell the truth, I rarely troubled my head about: but his domestic establishment—from year to year the same pair of bay geldings drew the same carriage, or ran in single harness to an antiquated gig; while my Uncle, when he did appear with hounds, which was seldom, rode a black horse with a long tail, which the wags affirmed had carried his grandfather. Be that as it may, old Blacklock was a good horse, and that he had been a game one in his day, many would affirm, though all were at a loss to know when *that* was. On his honest back were displayed my first efforts at fencing; and though in a long run I was sometimes thrown out, I was rarely thrown off, and that is what many cannot say, I'm thinking!

I arrived late one evening at the Lodge, and, on getting up earlier than my respected relatives the following morning, followed my accustomed track to the stable. The grooms had the horses out and were cleaning them, rubbing softly with wisps of straw, and from the loud *cs-cs* that accompanied every application of the hand, one would have thought them the most indefatigable hard-working men in the world. At the stable-doors were my sober bays, and, fastened by his collar to the crook near the window, my antiquated friend Blacklock. I entered the stable, and after passing my eye along the empty stalls, espied a stranger in the corner. At the first glance he was evidently superior to anything my Uncle possessed before: his fine forehead, quick eye, light blood head, and slashing figure, were so many favorable recommendations. While I surveyed him from the door, I heard the voice of Bat Sweeny, one of the grooms, hallooing at the top of his voice—

"Mr. James, come out! Mr. James, come! Oh, murther! do you hear, Sir?"

"I do," said I impatiently; "what do you want?"

"You're not kilt, Sir, are you?" he asked eagerly.

"No," I replied, laughing; "what would kill me?"

"Oh, the *garron*,* Sir; didn't you see him?"

"Do you mean the strange horse inside?"

"Arrah! what else, Sir?"

"Where did you get him, Bat?"

"Masther thin, sweet bad luck to him every day of his life, 'twas the Masther got him."

"How dare you speak so disrespectfully of your master, Sweeny, as to wish bad luck to him?" I replied sternly.

"Oh, God forbid I'd say the like of a rale gintleman, and that's his name, now and for evermore, I pray, amin," said the groom earnestly; "'twas of the horse I was speaking. Troth, I'd be the last man to say a word agin the Masther, with cause or without it, an' I his own body servant to boot!"

"Why abuse the horse then?"

"Bekase 'tis he that deserves it richly, the vagibone, every inch of him!"

"Is he sulky?"

"Troth, he just is."

"Does he kick?"

"In style."

"Will he bite?"

"He will if you let him."

In short, no vice that an animal had but what was contained in this unhappy offspring of Dare Devil: like the scape-goat of the Israelites, he seemed to be identified with the sins of his whole generation.

I had hunted Monday and Tuesday very pleasantly with harriers, when, on the evening of the latter day, a messenger was despatched to Rook Lodge, to let me know that the neighboring Club hounds were to meet and draw the coverts adjoining my Uncle's ground in the morning. I was half frantic; I had tally'd a fine dog-fox on my return that day, and a good run was inevitable on the morrow. I knew not what to do; strolled into the stable, where Blacklock, regularly knocked up from two consecutive days, was now bedded down. another hunt with him was "no go." A horse stood in the next stall; *my resolution was taken!*

How to manage the affair was now the question: I dare not take a horse without my Uncle's permission, as, were any accident to happen, I should never hear the end of it; but go I was resolved. At home and elsewhere I had often heard the influence some ladies possess with their loving lords; and though I knew my Uncle was as little under the influence of petticoat government as any single man, I thought the safer plan was to sound my Aunt, as in the fit of gout that now seized her husband, a tap of a walking cane, of true shillelah dimensions, might be a receipt in full to my demand. Accordingly, having waited patiently in my Aunt's dressing-room till she had quite done her prayers—by no means so brief as some that I know—in my most insinuating mood I wished her "good morning; hoped she had a good night's rest; inquired how uncle Tom's toe felt to-day?" and kept her in pleasant chat till we sat down *tete-a-tete* to breakfast in the little parlor.

The best time to my mind for a little private and confidential conversation with a lady is at a *tete-a-tete* breakfast, while tea is drawing. All is mute; there is no disturbance; the Congou, or Hyson, as the case may be, is wet: the water boils in the urn; prying servants have left the room, and now's your time: draw your chair near the fragile figure, and pop your proposal—five to one you're accepted, for such events seldom take place at the breakfast table; and if of a spirited disposition, the odds are that for the singularity of the thing you're taken.

"My dear Aunt, I"——she raised her eyes from the plate of new-laid eggs, and stared at me. I got disconcerted and paused: her quiet "Well, James!" brought me to myself in this important conclave, and I resumed—"I trust you will not think me taking too great a liberty in begging permission to ride Uncle Tom's young horse for an hour or two to-day?"

"My dear child, he'd be the death of you!" replied my affectionate relative.

"Oh! no fear! I assure you I can manage him very well, I'm sure," said I, confidently.

"Where would you ride him?"

"Merely to look at the hounds."

"Hounds!" she screamed aloud; "God help you, my poor child! there's not a horse-rider in the country would ride that horse with hounds."

"It is only to see them draw the covert."

"But he'd throw you."

"Not if I could keep on his back."

"He runs away with every one."

"I never tried him yet."

In a word, I so impressed my kind relative with my talents for horsemanship, that she promised to use her influence with her husband to permit me to ride the horse along the road skirting the wood. This was no easy matter.

"Eh, Kate! James to ride Brimstone! the boy's mad; mad I tell ye! D—n this leg! Brimstone, did you say? No, no; I won't let him."

"But the poor child has set his heart on it."

"Eh! my leg! set his heart on breaking his neck; well, I never thought you were so foolish!"

"God forbid any such thing should happen! he told me there was no danger."

"Told the devil, woman! how could he tell you anything else?"

I popped my head in the door: "It is merely to go and see the hounds draw, Sir."

"Merely to go to h—, Sir!" repeated my irascible friend.

"Won't I get him, Sir?"

"No!" thundered Uncle Tom.

"Ah, Uncle Tom!" said I, coaxingly, "if you were young yourself you'd like to see the fox get away."

"Get away, then, and be d——d!" said he, in a passion. "Mind, Kate," addressing my aunt, "I wash my hands of it. if anything happens the chap, it is you that must answer for it to his mother—that's all."

My Aunt cast an imploring look at me, much as to say, "For God's sake, stay at home;" but I would not take, and, bolting off to the stable where the colt was saddled, mounted and rode off.

In no very sanguine mood as to keeping my seat and promises, I emerged from the well-shaved lawn and handsome gateway of Rook Lodge, and moved gently down the road to the point where a crowd of loitering urchins indicated the fun was going on. Gently, did I say? aye, as peaceably as a man in bodily fear could move. The first glance of a red coat caused my steed to raise his head from the position in which he hitherto held it, stuck between his fore legs, and, cocking his ears with a snort, would have slapped me in the face, but the nose-band he had on prevented him. The blast of the "echoing horn" nearly raised him as high as his grandsire, Skyrocket, and the clatter of hoofs caused my heart to palpitate.

The day was one of those few in the season that seemed cut out for fox-hunting: scent lay perfectly; the air was sufficiently warm, and there was no sun: a light shower had sprinkled the grass, and bedewed the leafy alleys. We had a large and respectable field, the dogs in prime order; when the loud and repeated cry of "Justice!" put us all in motion. Amid the rapid throng, in momentary expectation of the fox breaking, how did I feel like the martyr tied to the stake waiting the enkindling of the flames! The chorus within is swelling; I walk my horse slowly up and down, not so much to calm his excitement as my own. I must ride wide, for he lashes at every steed within reach; and "why my prudent Uncle suffered me to mount such a vicious rip," is the wonder of the assembled throng.

"Yoick! Tally-ho! tally! tally!" now resounds; while, from under my horse's feet, with a one, two, three hop, in so many bounds, the stealthy fox trots from the wood. He looks back as the leading hound Vanguard leaps on the boundary fence; the rest crowd on him; shaking his brush as in defiance, Reynard quickens his pace, and soon begins his precipitate career.

The moment the hounds open on the fox breaking covert is to a Sportsman the most exciting he can feel. He loses all consciousness (at least I do) of the world, so engrossing is the scene that passes rapidly before him. The direction of the chase, the line of country, the probable pace—these are the subjects of his ideas—all else is oblivion.

The fox went away in sporting style; and men, horses, and dogs prepared to do likewise. The first fence leaving the field was a large bank, or ditch surmounted by furze growing from the sides and united at the top, so as to present a formidable barrier: this the field charged in line, and amongst the rest your humble servant on Brimstone, for, taking the check of the bit in his teeth, he went slap at it as if a cannon-ball was after him. I tried to get a pull at him while galloping down the field, but might as well grasp the largest tree in the wood. I grew pale with fear, and could not throw myself off. I had no time to do anything; so, holding the saddle before and behind on the most improved safety fashion, awaited my fate. Rising some feet from the fence, Brimstone ascended all fours, cleared the top-most furze-blossom, and landed well at the other side. "Bravo, highflyer—well rode!" shouted the amazed sportsmen. I was too frightened to respond, for, unable to restrain, I was still borne breathlessly along.

We reached the road where some men were walking: they had stayed to look at the hounds, now running breast high at the other side: a high wall was that on which they stood, a gate with wooden bars in the centre. I screamed out as I drew nigh, "Stop him, for mercy sake—he's running away with me!" Bounding over the fence, I was on the road. The men jumped off the wall, and tried to catch Brimstone. He could not turn at that fence, but galloped by its side, and faced the gate. He struck the top bar with his hind feet, shivered it to splinters, and carried me beside the tail hound.

I got one fall, only one; it was rather dangerous: after crossing a river, leaping a ravine, climbing a cliff, spinning over a piggery, and in and out the walls of an unroofed cabin, my self-willed hunter dashed through the glade of a wood, through which the hounds pursued the chase. Leaping over a paling, along a plantation of gross timber, my head came in contact with an overreaching bough. Fortunately I wore a strong oil-skin-covered hat, else the blow might have been fatal: as it was, it knocked me clean out of the saddle, and on reaching the ground I felt stunned. My first feeling was the crown of my head: the hat was shockingly bulged, in fact turned into a regularly *shocking bad hat*, and the skin and hair of my head rubbed off nearly the size of half-a-crown: the wound bled a little, so I tied my handkerchief tight, and stopped it. Brimstone behaved better than I expected, for the rein being entangled in the same bough, checked him, and he suffered me to catch and mount. I rode through a dark vista, which I observed the dogs take, and beheld the close of my labors; the fox was killed just as he gained the earth, and the trophy, his brush, waved from the forestall of Brimstone's bridle.

During the entire of this distressing run, the Dare Devil colt exhibited so many instances of wonderful activity, that I felt quite proud of having achieved more than any horse-rider in the country—according with my Aunt's assurances, that is, having ridden him to hounds—and I now had the pleasure of marking his sobered gait, and mouth obedient to the rein. When the thinned field came up, the select few who lived to the end complimented me highly on my performance, which they were pleased to say, "Considering the rash horse I rode, was the most brilliant of the season." I took all as natural, not wishing to have it known that I ran the risk of my life; and, with the firm intention of putting young Brimstone through a regular system of education myself during my stay at Rook Lodge, trotted merrily off.

It was a downright amusing sight to watch the looks of the peasants on beholding the white-tipped brush dangling from the head of Brimstone, and their muttered exclamations, "He bates Banagher any how! an' Banagher bates the Divil!"—"The *stalk* (sulk) is clane out on him now, I'll be bound;" but the joy of my Aunt, and astonishment of my Uncle—the latter, I believe, never expecting that I should make my re-appearance, until brought home on a door—knew no bounds. The handkerchief round my head, however, gave my Uncle something to talk about: and during the few days that I required to have it dressed, he would shake his head and say, "Ah, Master James, that comes of trying to rule A RASH HORSE!"

London (Old) Sporting Mag. for Dec., 1837.

* Untrained horse.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE TAKES PLACE BETWEEN MR. PICKWICK AND SAMUEL WELLER, AT WHICH HIS PARENT ASSISTS—AN OLD GENTLEMAN IN A SNUFF-COLOURED SUIT ARRIVES UNEXPECTEDLY.

Mr. Pickwick was sitting alone, musing over many things, and thinking, among other considerations, how he could best provide for the young couple whose present unsettled condition was matter of constant regret and anxiety to him, when Mary stepped lightly into the room, and, advancing to the table, said rather hastily—

"Oh, if you please, Sir, Samuel is down stairs, and he says may his father see you?"

"Surely," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Thank you, Sir," said Mary, tripping towards the door again.

"Sam has not been here long, has he?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Oh no, Sir," replied Mary eagerly. "He has only just come home. He is not going to ask you for any more leave, Sir, he says."

Mary might have been conscious that she had communicated this last intelligence with more warmth than seemed actually necessary, or she might have observed the good-humoured smile with which Mr. Pickwick regarded her when she had finished speaking. She certainly held down her head, and examined the corner of a smart little apron with much more closeness than there appeared any absolute occasion for.

"Tell them they can come up at once, by all means," said Mr. Pickwick.

Mary, apperently much relieved, hurried away with her message.

Mr. Pickwick took two or three turns up and down the room; and rubbing his chin with his left hand as he did so, appeared lost in thought.

"Well, well," said Mr. Pickwick at length, in a kind but somewhat melancholy tone, "it is the best way in which I could reward him for his attachment and fidelity; let it be so, in Heaven's name. It is the fate of a lonely old man, that those about him should form new and different attachments and leave him. I have no right to expect that it should be otherwise with me. No, no," added Mr. Pickwick more cheerfully, it would be selfish and ungrateful. I ought to be happy to have an opportunity of providing for him so well. I am—of course I am."

Mr. Pickwick had been so absorbed in these reflections, that a knock at the door was three or four times repeated before he heard it. Hastily seating himself, and calling up his accustomed pleasant looks, he gave the required permission, and Sam Weller entered, followed by his father.

"Glad to see you back again, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick. "How do you do, Mr. Weller?"

"Wery hearty, thankee Sir," replied the widower; "hope I see *you* well, Sir."

"Quite, I thank you," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"I wanted to have a little bit o' conwersation with you, Sir," said Mr. Weller, "if you could spare five minits or so, Sir."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick. "Sam, give your father a chair."

"Thankee, Samivel, I've got a cheer here," said Mr. Weller, bringing one forward as he spoke; "uncommon fine day it's been, Sir," added the old gentleman, laying his hat on the floor as he set himself down.

"Remarkably so indeed," replied Mr. Pickwick. "Very seasonable."

"Seasonablest veather I ever see, Sir," rejoined Mr. Weller. Here the old gentleman was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which being terminated, he nodded his head, and winked, and made several supplicatory and threatening gestures to his son, all of which Sam Weller steadily abstained from seeing.

Mr. Pickwick, perceiving that there was some embarrassment on the old gentleman's part, affected to be engaged in cutting the leaves of a book that lay beside him; and waited patiently until Mr. Weller should arrive at the object of his visit.

"I never see such a aggerawatin' boy as you are, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, looking indignantly at his son; "never in all my born days."

"What is he doing, Mr. Weller?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"He won't begin, Sir," rejoined Mr. Weller; "he knows I ain't ekal to expressin' myself ven there's anythin' particklar to be done, and yet he'll stand and see me a settin' here takin' up your walable time, and makin' a reg'lar spectacle o' myself, rayther than help me out vith a syllable. It ain't filial conduct, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, wiping his forehead; "wery far from it."

"You said you'd speak," replied Sam; "how should I know you wos done up at the wery beginnin'?"

"You might have seen I warn't able to start," rejoined his father; "I'm on the wrong side of the road, and backin' in to the palins and all manner of unpleasantness, and yet you won't put out a hand to help me. I'm ashamed on you, Samivel."

"The fact is, Sir," said Sam, with a slight bow, "the gov'nor's been a drawin' his money."

"Wery good, Samivel, wery good," said Mr. Weller, nodding his head with a satisfied air. "I didn't mean to speak harsh to you, Sammy. Wery good. That's the vay to begin; come to the pint at once. Wery good indeed, Samivel."

Mr. Weller nodded his head an extraordinary number of times in the excess of his gratification, and waited in a listening attitude for Sam to resume his statement.

"You may sit down, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, apprehending that the interview was likely to prove rather longer than he had expected.

Sam bowed again and sat down; his father looking round, he continued,

"The gov'ner, Sir, has drawn out five hundred and thirty pound."

"Reduced counsels," interposed Mr. Weller, senior, in an under tone.

"It don't much matter vether its reduced counsels, or wot not," said Sam; "five hundred and thirty pound is the sum, ain't it?"

"All right, Samivel," replied Mr. Weller

"To vich sum, he has added for the house and bisness—"

"Lease, good-vill, stock, and fixters," interposed Mr. Weller.

—"As much as makes it," continued Sam, "altogether, eleven hundred and eighty pound."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pickwick, "I am delighted to hear it. I congratulate you, Mr. Weller, on having done so well."

"Vait a minit, Sir," said Mr. Weller, raising his hand in a deprecatory manner. "Get on, Samivel."

"This here money," said Sam, with a little hesitation, "he's anxious to put someveres vere he knows it'll be safe, and I'm wery anxious too, for if he keeps it, he'll go a lending it to somebody, or inwestin' property in horses, or droppin' his pocket-book down a airy, or makin' an Egyptian mummy of his-self in some vay or another."

"Wery good, Samivel," observed Mr. Weller, in as complacent a manner as if Sam had been passing the highest eulogiums on his prudence and foresight. "Wery good."

"For vich reasons," continued Sam, plucking nervously at the brim of his hat; for vich reasons he's drawn it out to-day, and come here to say, leastvays to offer, or in other vords to—"

"To say this here," said the elder Mr. Weller impatiently, "that it ain't o' no use to me; I am a goin' to vork a coach reg'lar, and ha'nt got noveres to keep it in, unless I vos to pay the guard for takin' care on it, or to put it in vun o' the coach pockets, vich 'ud be a temptation to the insides. If you'll take care on it for me, Sir, I shall be very much obliged to you. P'raps," said Mr. Weller, walking up to Mr. Pickwick and whispering in his ear, "p'raps it'll go a little vay towards the expenses o' that 'ere conwiction. All I say is, just you keep it till I ask you for it again." With these words, Mr. Weller placed the pocket-book in Mr. Pickwick's hands, caught up his hat, and ran out of the room with a celerity scarcely to be expected from so corpulent a subject."

"Stop him, Sam," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, earnestly. "Overtake him; bring him back instantly! Mr. Weller—here—come back!"

Sam saw that his master's injunctions were not to be disobeyed; and catching his father by the arm as he was descending the stairs, dragged him back by main force.

"My good friend," said Mr. Pickwick, taking the old man by the hand; "your honest confidence overpowers me."

"I don't see no occasion for nothin' o' the kind, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, obstinately.

"I assure you, my good friend, I have more money than I can ever need; far more than a man at my age can ever live to spend," said Mr. Pickwick.

"No man knows how much he can spend till he tries," observed Mr. Weller.

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Pickwick; "but as I have no intention of trying any such experiments, I am not likely to come to want. I must beg you to take this back, Mr. Weller."

"Wery well," said Mr. Weller, with a very discontented look. Mark my vords, Sammy, I'll do somethin' desperate with this here property; somethin' desperate!"

"You'd better not," replied Sam.

Mr. Weller reflected for a short time, and then buttoning up his coat with great determination, said—

"I'll keep a pike."

"Wot!" exclaimed Sam.

"A pike," rejoined Mr. Weller through his set teeth; "I'll keep a pike. Say good bye to your father, Samivel; I dewote the remainder o' my days to a pike."

This threat was such an awful one, and Mr. Weller besides appearing fully resolved to carry it into execution, seemed so deeply mortified by Mr. Pickwick's refusal, that that gentleman, after a short reflection, said—

"Well, well, Mr. Weller, I will keep the money. I can do more good with it, perhaps, than you can."

"Just the wery thing, to be sure," said Mr. Weller, brightening up; "o' course you can, Sir."

"Say no more about it," said Mr. Pickwick, locking the pocket-book in his desk; "I am heartily obliged to you, my good friend. Now sit down again; I want to ask your advice."

The internal laughter occasioned by the triumphant success of his visit, which had convulsed not only Mr. Weller's face, but his arms, legs, and body also, during the locking up of the pocket-book, suddenly gave place to the most dignified gravity as he heard these words.

"Wait outside a few minutes, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Pickwick.

Sam immediately withdrew.

Mr. Weller looked uncommonly wise and very much amazed, when Mr. Pickwick opened the discourse by saying—

"You are not an advocate for matrimony, I think, Mr. Weller?"

Mr. Weller shook his head. He was wholly unable to speak; for vague thoughts of some wicked widow having been successful in her designs upon Mr. Pickwick, choked his utterance.

"Did you happen to see a young girl down stairs when you came in just now with your son?"

"Yes—I see a young gal," replied Mr. Weller, shortly.

"What did you think of her, now?—Candidly, Mr. Weller, what did you think of her?"

"I thought she wos wery plump, and vell made," said Mr. Weller, with a critical air.

"So she is," said Mr. Pickwick, "so she is. What do you think of her manners, from what you saw of her?"

"Wery pleasant," rejoined Mr. Weller. "Wery pleasant and conformable."

The precise meaning which Mr. Weller attached to this last mentioned adjective did not appear, but as it was evident from the tone in which he used it that it was a favourable expression, Mr. Pickwick was as well satisfied as if he had been thoroughly enlightened on the subject.

"I take a great interest in her, Mr. Weller," said Mr. Pickwick.

Mr. Weller coughed.

"I mean an interest in her doing well," resumed Mr. Pickwick; "a desire that she may be comfortable and prosperous. You understand?"

"Wery clearly," replied Mr. Weller, who understood nothing yet.

"That young person," said Mr. Pickwick, "is attached to your son."

"To Samivel Veller!" exclaimed the parent.

"Yes," said Mr. Pickwick.

"It's nat'ral," said Mr. Weller, after some consideration, "nat'ral, but rayther alarmin'. Sammy must be careful."

"How do you mean?" enquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Wery careful that he don't say nothin' to her," responded Mr. Weller. "Wery careful that he ain't led avay in a innocent moment to say anythin' as may lead to a conwiction for breach. You're never safe vith 'em, Mr. Pickwick, ven they vunce has designs on you; there's no knowin' vere to have 'em, and vile you're a considering of it they have you. I wos married fust, that vay myself, Sir, and Sammy wos the consekens o' the mancover."

"You give me no great encouragement to conclude what I have to say," observed Mr. Pickwick, "but I had better do so at once. This young person is not only attached to your son, Mr. Weller, but your son is attached to her."

"Vell," said Mr. Weller, "this here's a pretty sort o' thing to come to a father's ears, this is!"

"I have observed them on several occasions," said Mr. Pickwick, making no comment on Mr. Weller's last remark; "and entertain no doubt at all about it. Supposing I were desirous of establishing them comfortably as man and wife in some little business or situation, where they might hope to obtain a decent living, what should you think of it, Mr. Weller?"

At first, Mr. Weller received with wry faces a proposition involving the marriage of anybody in whom he took an interest, but as Mr. Pickwick argued the point with him, and laid great stress upon the fact that Mary was not a widow he gradually became more tractable. Mr. Pickwick had great influence over him; and he had been much struck with Mary's appearance, having, in fact, bestowed several very unfatherly winks upon her, already. At length he said that it was not for him to oppose Mr. Pickwick's inclination, and that he would be very happy to yield to his advice; upon which Mr. Pickwick joyfully took him at his word and called Sam back into the room.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, clearing his throat, "your father and I have been having some conversation about you."

"About you, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in a patronizing and impressive voice.

"I am not so blind, Sam, as not to have seen, a long time since, that you entertain something more than a friendly feeling towards Mrs. Winkle's maid," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You hear this, Samivel?" said Mr. Weller in the same judicial form of speech as before.

"I hope, Sir," said Sam addressing his master, "I hope there's no harm in a young man takin' notice of a young 'ooman as is undeniably good-looking and well conducted."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Not by no means," acquiesced Mr. Weller, affably but magisterially.

"So far from thinking that there is anything wrong in conduct so natural," resumed Mr. Pickwick, "it is my wish to promote your wishes in this respect. With this view I have had a little conversation with your father, and finding that he is of my opinion—"

"The lady not bein' a vidder," interposed Mr. Weller in explanation.

"The lady not being a widow," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling. "I wish to free you from the restraint which your present position imposes upon you: and to mark my sense of your fidelity and many excellent qualities, by enabling you to marry this girl at once, and to earn an independent livelihood for yourself and family. I shall be proud, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, whose voice had faltered a little hitherto, but now resumed its customary tone, "proud and happy to make your future prospects in life my grateful and peculiar care."

There was a profound silence for a short time, and then Sam said in a low husky sort of voice, but firmly withal—

"I'm very much obliged to you for your goodness. Sir, as is only like yourself, but it can't be done."

"Can't be done!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick in astonishment.

"Samivel!" said Mr. Weller, with dignity.

"I say it can't be done," repeated Sam in a louder key. "Wot's to become of you, Sir?"

"My good fellow," replied Mr. Pickwick, "the recent changes among my friends will alter my mode of life in future, entirely; besides I am growing older, and want repose and quiet. My rambles, Sam, are over."

"How do I know that 'ere, Sir?" argued Sam; "you think so now! S'pose you wos to change your mind, which is not unlikely, for you've the spirit o' five-and-twenty in you still,—what 'ud become on you vithout me! It can't be done, Sir, it can't be done."

"Wery good, Samivel, there's a good deal in that," said Mr. Weller, encouragingly.

"I speak after long deliberation, Sam, and with the certainty that I shall keep my word," said Mr. Pickwick, shaking his head. "New scenes have closed upon me; my rambles are at an end."

"Wery good," rejoined Sam. "Then that's the very best reason wy you should always have somebody by you as understands you, to keep you up and make you comfortable. If you vant a more polished sort o' feller, vell and good, have him; but vages or no vages, notice or no notice, board or no board, lodgin' or no lodgin', Sam Veller, as you took from the old inn in the Borough, sticks by you, come what come may, and let ev'rythin' and ev'rybody do their wery fiercest, nothin' shall ever perwent it."

At the close of this declaration, which Sam made with great emotion, the elder Mr. Weller rose from his chair, and forgetting all considerations of time, place, or propriety, waved his hat above his head and gave three vehement cheers.

"My good fellow," said Mr. Pickwick, when Mr. Weller had sat down again, rather abashed at his own enthusiasm, "you are bound to consider the young woman also."

"I do consider the young 'ooman, Sir," said Sam. "I have considered the young 'ooman, I've spoke to her, I've told her how I'm sitivated, she's ready to vait till I'm ready, and I believe she vill. If she don't, she's not the young 'ooman I take her for, and I give her up vith readiness. You've know'd me afore, Sir. My mind's made up, and nothin' can ever alter it."

Who could combat this resolution? Not Mr. Pickwick. He derived at that moment more pride and luxury of feeling from the disinterested attachment of his humble friends, than ten thousand protestations from the greatest men living could have awakened in his heart.

While this conversation was passing in Mr. Pickwick's room, a little old gentleman in a suit of snuff-coloured clothes, followed by a porter carrying a small portmanteau, presented himself below; and after securing a bed for the night, enquired of the waiter whether one Mrs. Winkle was staying there, to which question the waiter of course responded in the affirmative.

"Is she alone?" enquired the little old gentleman.

"I believe she is, Sir," replied the waiter, "I can call her own maid, Sir, if you——"

"No, I don't want her," said the old gentleman quickly. "Show me to her room without announcing me."

"Eh, Sir?" said the waiter.

"Are you deaf?" enquired the little old gentleman.

"No, Sir."

"Then listen, if you please. Can you hear me now?"

"Yes, Sir."

"That's well. Show me Mrs. Winkle's room without announcing me".

As the little old gentleman uttered this command, he slipped five shillings into the waiter's hand, and looked steadily at him.

"Really, Sir," said the waiter, "I don't know whether——"

"Ah! you'll do it, I see," said the little old gentleman. "You had better do it at once. It will save time."

There was something so cool and collected in the gentleman's manner, that the waiter put the five shillings in his pocket, and led him up stairs without another word.

"This is the room, is it?" said the gentleman. "You may go."

The waiter complied, wondering much who the gentleman could be, and what he wanted; the little old gentleman waiting till he was out of sight tapped at the door.

"Come in," said Arabella.

"Um, a pretty voice, at any rate," murmured the little old gentleman; "but that's nothing." As he said this, he opened the door and walked in. Arabella, who was sitting at work, rose on beholding a stranger—a little confused, but by no means ungracefully so.

"Pray don't rise, Ma'am," said the unknown, walking in, and closing the door after him. "Mrs. Winkle, I believe?"

Arabella inclined her head.

"Mrs. Nathaniel Winkle, who married the son of the old man at Birmingham?" said the stranger, eyeing Arabella with a visible curiosity.

Again Arabella inclined her head, and looked uneasily round, as if uncertain whether to call for assistance.

"I rather surprise you, Ma'am," said the old gentleman.

"Rather, I confess," replied Arabella, wondering more and more.

"I'll take a chair, if you'll allow me Ma'am," said the stranger.

He took one; and drawing a spectacle case from his pocket, leisurely pulled out a pair of spectacles, which he adjusted on his nose.

"You don't know me, Ma'am?" he said, looking so intently at Arabella, that she began to feel quite alarmed.

"No, Sir," she replied timidly.

"No," said the gentleman, nursing his left leg; "I don't know how you should. "You know my name though, Ma'am."

"Do I?" said Arabella, trembling, though she scarcely knew why. "May I ask what it is?"

"Presently, Ma'am, presently," not having yet removed his eyes from her countenance. "You have been recently married, Ma'am."

"I have replied Arabella, in a scarcely audible tone, laying aside her work, and becoming greatly agitated as a thought that had occurred to her before, struck more forcibly upon her mind.

"Without having represented to your husband the propriety of first consulting his father on whom he is dependent, I think?" said the stranger.

Arabella applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Without an endeavour even to ascertain, by some indirect appeal, what were the old man's sentiments on a point in which he would naturally feel much interested," said the stranger.

"I cannot deny it, Sir," said Arabella.

"And without having sufficient property of your own to afford your husband any permanent assistance in exchange for the worldly advantages which you knew he would have gained if he had married agreeably to his father's wishes," said the old gentleman. "This is what boys and girls call disinterested affection, till they have boys and girls of their own, and then they see it in a rougher and very different light."

Arabella's tears flowed fast, as she pleaded in extenuation that she was young and inexperienced; that her attachment alone had induced her to take the step to which she had resorted, and that she had been deprived of the counsel and guidance of her parents almost from infancy.

"It was wrong," said the old gentleman in a milder tone, "very wrong. It was romantic, unbusiness-like, foolish."

"It was my fault; all my fault, Sir," replied Poor Arabella, weeping.

"Nonsense," said the old gentleman, "it was not your fault that he fell in love with you, I suppose. Yes it was though," said the old gentleman, looking rather slyly at Arabella. "It was your fault. He could'nt help it."

This little compliment, or the little gentleman's odd way of paying it, or his altered manner—so much kinder than it was at first—or all three together, forced a smile from Arabella in the midst of her tears.

"Where's your husband!" enquired the old gentleman abruptly; stopping a smile which was just coming over his own face.

"I expect him every instant, Sir," said Arabella. "I persuaded him to take a walk this morning. He is very low and wretched at not having heard from his father."

"Low is he?" said the old gentleman. "Serve him right."

"He feels it on my account, I am afraid," said Arabella; and indeed, Sir, I feel it deeply on his. I have been the sole means of bringing him to his present condition."

"Don't mind it on his account, my dear," said the old gentleman. "It serves him right. I am glad of it—actually glad of it, as far as he is concerned."

The words were scarcely out of the old gentleman's lips when footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, which he and Arabella seemed both to recognize at the same moment. The little gentleman turned pale; and making a strong effort to appear composed, stood up as Mr. Winkle entered the room.

"Father!" said Mr. Winkle, recoiling in amazement.

"Yes, Sir," replied the little old gentleman. "Well, Sir, what have you got to say to me?"

Mr Winkle remained silent.

"You are ashamed of yourself, I hope Sir," said the old gentleman. Still Mr. Winkle said nothing.

"Are you ashamed of yourself, Sir, or are you not?" enquired the old gentleman.

"No, Sir," replied Mr. Winkle, drawing Arabella's arm through his. "I am not ashamed of myself, or of my wife either."

"Upon my word!" cried the old gentleman, ironically.

"I am very sorry to have done anything which has lessened your affection for me, Sir," said Mr. Winkle; "but I will say at the same time, that I have no reason to be ashamed of having this lady for my wife, or you for having her for a daughter."

"Give me your hand, Nat," said the old gentleman in an altered voice. "Kiss me, my love; you *are* a very charming daughter-in-law after all!"

In a few minutes' time Mr. Winkle went in search of Mr. Pickwick, and returning with that gentleman, presented him to his father, whereupon they shook hands for five minutes incessantly.

"Mr. Pickwick, I thank you most heartily for all your kindness to my son," said old Mr. Winkle, in a bluff, straightforward way, "I am a hasty fellow, and when I saw you last, I was vexed and taken by surprise. I have judged for myself now, and am more than satisfied. Shall I make any more apologies, Mr. Pickwick?"

"Not one," replied that gentleman. "You have done the only thing wanting to complete my happiness."

Hereupon there was another shaking of hands for five minutes longer, accompanied by a great number of complimentary speeches, which besides being complimentary, had the additional and very novel recommendation of being sincere.

Sam had dutifully seen his father to the Belle Sauvage, when, on returning, he encountered the fat boy in the court, who had been charged with the delivery of a note from Emily Wardle.

"I say," said Joe, who was unusually loquacious, "what a pretty girl Mary is isn't she! I am *so* fond of her, I am!"

Mr. Weller made no verbal remark in reply, but eyeing the fat boy for a moment, quite transfixed at his presumption, led him by the collar to the corner and dismissed him with a harmless but ceremonious kick; after which, he walked home, whistling.

Salmagundi.

A disappointed actor once commenced an extempore prologue on his benefit night at Birmingham, in England, with this couplet descriptive of his audience:

Ye men of copper, iron, brass, and steel,
Who've neither heads to think nor hearts to feel.

Women.—The haughty woman who can stand alone, and requires no leaning-ing place in our heart, loses the spell of her sex. Bulwer.

In a bookseller's catalogue appears the following:—"Memoirs of Charles I., with a *head capitally executed!*"

An Irishman fights before he reasons, a Scotchman reasons before he fights, an Englishman is not particular as to the order of precedence, but will do either to accommodate his customers. A modern General has said that the best troops would be as follows:—An Irishman half drunk, a Scotchman half starved, and an Englishman with his belly full.

Height of Impudence.—Asking a man to drink, and then requesting him to pay for it.

Height of Egotism.—A correspondent of a paper signing *Esq.* to the tail of his communications.

We find the following in the New York News:—"General Arcularius having demanded and been refused the artillery of the State of New York, which are in possession of the Canadian revolutionists on Navy Island, it is expected that the brigade under the command of Gen. G. P. Morris will receive orders to aid him in recovering them." It will be a capital opportunity for Gen. Arcularius and Gen. Morris to find the man with a claret-colored coat. No doubt he is the individual who has taken away the artillery.

A looker-on at a gaming-table having observed one player very grossly cheating another, took the "pigeon" aside and said—"Good heavens! have you not observed how villanously that man has been packing the cards?" The other smilingly answered, "Pray don't be under the least concern about that; I intend to pick his pocket as soon as he is done playing."

The Indiana American, published at Brockville, in that State, contains the following singular announcement:—

"Married—On the 5th of October, by Daniel Wilson, Esq., Mr. Timothy Green to Mrs. Julia Jacobs, all of White-water township, Franklin co."

From the Justice who officiated at the above wedding, we learn the following rather extraordinary particulars.—The above named Mr. Green is about thirty years old, and Mrs. Julia is his second wife. But what is more, and almost incredible, Mrs. Julia Jacobs is about fifty years old, and Mr. Green is her *eighth* husband *all of whom are living*, except one!

"My Friend and Pitcher."—Everybody remembers the beautiful old song with this burden. In this day of toast publishing, we are reminded of an appropriate and happy application of the above, at a supper given by the young men of Boston to Henry Clay, on his visit to that city, which we do not remember to have seen in print. On that occasion an elegantly chased silver pitcher was presented to Mr. Clay. Mr. H——, a gentleman present, on being called upon unexpectedly for a toast, gave, with singular felicity,—"Our guest and gift—our friend and pitcher."

During the Queen's progress from Guildhall to Temple-bar, after the late memorable dinner given to her by the City of London, her Majesty is said to have observed to the Earl of Albemarle, that she would like to know whether the hospitable cockneys were as well pleased with her as she was with them. "No doubt of it, your Majesty," replied the Earl; "you see each family speaks for itself in the affirmative. Not a house that hasn't 'Ve are' (V. R.) blazing outside of it." The Queen ought, unquestionably, to have given orders for his immediate execution.

A Boston paper says,—"While we were at our office on Monday night, a party of brave fellows went to our dwelling-house and saluted the females within with three groans; but when our youngest boy opened the door to ask them to walk in, they all ran away. They needn't have been frightened, for the lad says he didn't intend to hurt 'em.

Affected Gravity.—Observe that man—with what an inflexible sanctitude of deportment he sustains himself as he advances—every line in his face writes solemnness, every stride looks like a check upon his desires; see, I beseech you, how he is cloaked up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so be muffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose; he has armor at least; why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret. And what is that? That the saint has no religion at all! Sterne's Sermons.

Taking Wine with the Ladies.—A distinguished maximist says, that whenever you ask a lady to take wine, you should fill her glass to the brim, in spite of protestations, and look the other way till she has emptied it. It stands to reason that the number of glasses women allow themselves, being limited, they should be full.

The following most singular advertisement appears in the Philadelphia Gazette:—

"To a person who is retired, and having no male descendants, an opportunity is offered of adopting a young gentleman of rather striking personal appearance. Particulars at this office."

Specimens of Descriptive Prose.—By ten o'clock, however, the rain had ceased, the fog had altogether vanished, and the murky clouds which had hovered overhead broke asunder, and once dispersed, were soon blown out of sight, *as it were, to let Apollo himself look down as he rolled by in his chariot of fire* upon what the Morning Herald has called this "Elysium on earth." Brighton Guardian.

Some lounged in their landaus with all that elegance and ease *innately the essential of a real lady.* Brighton Guardian.

After vain endeavors, by very laborious and minute description, occupying upwards of half a column, to convey to the reader some notion of the scene which the town of Brighton presented upon the occasion of her Majesty's entry, the disconsolate writer at length gives up the task in despair. "What writer," says he, "can convey an adequate idea of the living picture? *Even an Irishman* would find it difficult to express the feelings which must have been excited in his ardent bosom by the prospect!" Atlas.

Steamboat Runners.—The manner in which this ingenious portion of the community learn to profit by the whims and caprices of all sorts of people, is sometimes excessively amusing, and often evinces a high degree of acuteness and ready wit.

"Are you going West, madam?" said a Buffalo runner to an old lady who had just landed from a line boat on the canal.

"La! yes, how come you to think so."

"Oh," said the runner, "I know when people are going west they have a sort of western look about them, I am not to be deceived."

Having excited the attention of the old personage, he proceeded to urge her to take the steamboat Ohio, then, as he said, just going out, and which would carry her just where she wanted to go.

"No," said the old lady, "I am afraid—they sometimes burst their boilers, and blow up and kill every body."

"Very true," said the runner, "but then you know, that when a steamboat blows up, there must be hot water on board; now the Ohio never has any hot water, she only warms her water a very little, and makes very small fire at a time."

This arrangement seemed to suit the old lady, and she concluded to travel by the Ohio, perfectly satisfied that her life was safe where they were so careful about warming their water.

A Passionate Lawyer.—The only fault which Impey had was swearing, which seemed habitual in his kindness as well as his angry moods; and not being so unfashionable at that time, as it is at present, it was scarcely looked upon as a moral failing. A client calling upon him one day, after the usual salutations, proceeded thus:—

"Mr. Impey, I want you immediately to issue a writ against —— ——, who owes me £40. He called upon me about an hour since, and told me that as he was going out of town to-morrow, or the next day, he could only now pay me £20 of his debt. I want you, therefore, to arrest him at once for the other £20."

Impey's countenance began to work, but repressing his indignation, he quietly asked him if the man was poor.

"Poor! oh, to be sure, I would not arrest him if he were not."

Impey, who was a very humane man, could no longer control his anger at the heartless injustice of his client; but working himself up with a string of epithets ran on thus:—

"You rascal! why, what do you take me for? You scoundrel! What! arrest a poor man the very day he has paid you £20, and that half of the debt! Out of my house, sirrah! and never let me see that face again! Go out, sir, I say!"

The vehemence with which he jumped upon his legs, overthrew one of the office stools, and the apparent rage he was in, the clatter of the furniture, and the haste with which Impey attempted to replace it, so frightened the unhappy client, that, snatching up his hat, he made but one step to the door, and was out of sight in an instant.

Women in Love.—What capital diplomatists men are in love matters; and how eager is simple, vain woman, to believe them all that is disinterested and high minded, because they can scatter a little gold dust upon the surface of that hollow mine of selfishness within their bosoms! For women, acute and well-judging in other subjects, are blind as beetles when a man addresses the language of love to them; a moral mist rises before their understandings; they become credulous as bigots; and the poor man, even if his suit be hopeless, is instantly invested with some sort of merit, by virtue of the tender passion. It is remarkable, too, that in the inverse ratio to other things, experience in these affairs seems not only to avail a woman nothing, but to throw her off her guard. "To refuse twenty good offers, and marry an apprentice at thirty" is next to a proverb. Well-seasoned hearts, perforated by many an arrow from Love's quiver, have always some weak part in them, and yield, often, in a minute. For my own part, from intimate observation of my own sex, the result of many friendly confidings, I would sooner trust the discernment of sixteen, on these matters, than of six-and-thirty; and whilst it is usual to talk of the dangers of eighteen, and the folly of young girls, the moralist, who wishes well to woman-kind, should point out the shoals of eight-and-thirty, the extreme rashness of forty, the next to madness of forty-five. The Lady Annabella.

As an Irishman was leading a horse the other day, the animal broke from him and ran. Some passengers planted themselves in the road to stop him, which Paddy observing, and fearing they would scare the horse, cried, "By the powers, now, be aisy; if ye stop the baste ye'll only be making him rin the faster."

Pleasures of a Schoolmaster.—"Now, boys, if you say your lessons well, you may go out and play for a short time. Who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japhet?"

Boys—Don't know, thir.

Schoolmaster—Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet; who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japhet?

Boys—Don't know, thir.

Schoolmaster—Eh?—well. Mr. Sparks, over the way, has three sons—Tom, Bill, and Jack; who is the father of Tom, Bill, and Jack?

Boys—Mr. Sparks.

Schoolmaster—Very well. Noah had three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet; who was the father of Shem, Ham, and Japhet?

Boys—Mr. Sparks.

Schoolmaster—You may go to your seats, and get your next lesson.

Boys—Please, thir, can't we go out now?

Schoolmaster—Certainly, my dears.

A Joke of the Parliament House.—Among its lounging young barristers of those days, Sir Walter Scott, in the interval of his duty as clerk, often came forth and mingled much in the style of his own coeval *Mountain*. Indeed, the pleasure he seemed to take in the society of his professional juniors was one of the most remarkable, and certainly not the least agreeable features of his character at this period of his consummate honor and celebrity; but I should rather have said, perhaps, of young people generally, male or female, law or lay, gentle or simple. I used to think it was near of kin to another feature in him, his love of a bright light. It was always, I suspect, against the grain with him, when he did not even work at his desk with the sun full upon him. However, one morning, soon after Peveril came out, one of our most famous wags (now famous for better things), namely, Mr. Patrick Robinson, commonly called by the endearing Scottish *diminutive* "Peter," observed that tall conical white head advancing above the crowd towards the fire-place, where the usual roar of fun was going on among the briefless, and said, "Hush, boys, here comes old Peveril, I see the *Peak*." A laugh ensued, and the Great Unknown, as he withdrew from the circle, after a few minutes's gossip, insisted that I should tell him what our joke upon his advent had been. When enlightened, being by that time half way across "the batilding hall," towards his own *Division*, he looked round with a sly grin, and said between his teeth, "Ay, ay, my man, as weel Peveril o' the Peak ony day as Peter o' the Painch" (paunch), which being transmitted to *the stove school*, of course delighted all of them, except their portly Coryphæus. But Peter's application stuck; to his dying day, Scott was in the outer house Peveril of the Peak, or Old Peveril—and, by and by, like a good cavalier, he took to the designation kindly. He was well aware that his own family and younger friends constantly talked of him under this *sobriquet*.

LOSSES ON THE OCCASION OF THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

Sir Charles Wetherell got surrounded by a mob of the unwashed, who by a pardonable mistake mistook him for one of themselves. They at first made free with the Knight's shirt, (a piece of luxury they were at a loss to understand,) but on observing its hue they honorably restored it.

Sir Edward Sugden was wise enough to bring his pedigree with him. It was afterwards found hanging on a barber's pole.

The Duke of Richmond, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, and other passengers of "the Dilly," lost their consistency. Although diligent search has been made, it has not yet been picked up.

The Bishop of London, in passing through St. Paul's (of which he is Dean), lost sight of his tolerance and Christian humility. A substitute has been since provided him in the shape of a leader from the *Standard*.

Lord Abinger (coming direct from Westminster Hall), on a sudden missed his law. His Lordship was not, however, observed to be any lighter on his arrival.

Sir Francis Burdett, in passing through Westminster, (the scene of his former glory,) *lost himself*. He has been for some time a dead loss to his country, to public virtue, patriotism, and the principles of his youth.

Sir George Murray found his courage gone before he reached the Hall. It had not, however, been visible since his valiant attack on General Evans, in his absence.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 20, 1838.

ENGLISH SPORTING LITERATURE.

We have upon our table at this moment a very large number of English magazines and newspapers, and have been amusing ourselves with their examination, and endeavoring to see how three exclusively sporting magazines could find materials for their monthly issues.

The racing season in England closes by the first of November, and from about that date, the periodicals are crowded with reports and communications upon the Chase, which may be called emphatically the favorite pastime of English gentlemen. Whole pages and sheets are devoted to the bare technical details of hunting appointments, but not unfrequently a "Brilliant Run" with this or that pack, affords a theme for a truly brilliant article. In this department of literature, NIMROD stands confessedly at the head of English writers. He has recently brought to a close his famous "Northern Tour," and is now engaged, as we suspect, upon "Sporting Lectures," under the *nom de guerre* of "Jack Jorrocks." This is but a suspicion of our own, which is not sustained by the opinions of many gentlemen with whom we have conversed. But whoever may be the author, we like the "Lectures" mainly, and would rather have written the second one, than any number of the "Tour," so full is it of wit and pleasantry, and such practical shrewdness, and such knowledge of the science of 'venting and 'osses, does it indicate. Unless Nimrod should be the author of the "Lectures," we should say that he is fast exhausting his stock of reminiscences, and is growing tame as he grows older. Some recent communications from Belgium are dull and tedious. It is unfortunate that Nimrod has so little fondness for the Turf. With his knowledge of horses, and strength in composition, he would find an inexhaustible theme for his pen in the great race meetings in England.

In this department of the magazines "Craven" stands prominently forth. He reports the Newmarket, Doncaster, Goodwood, Epsom, and Ascot meetings, for the Old Sporting Magazine. He has recently involved himself in an affair "rayther alarmin'," with Mr. Greville, the owner of Mango, winner of the last great St. Leger, as well as of the late Newmarket Leger. A good share of the last number of his magazine is devoted to a defence of himself, which, in justice to Craven, we shall soon publish. The same number also contains a long letter to the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Chesterfield, as Stewards of the Jockey Club, requesting an opportunity to vindicate himself before them. This letter is shockingly wordy and windy, and we shall not publish it. In "Craven's" correspondence with Mr. Greville, it makes strongly against the former to contrast his labored and tortuous manner of reasoning, with the pointed, direct, and manly style of Mr. Greville. "Craven" will hardly come out of the controversy unscathed.

Both Craven and Nimrod are contributors to the more purely literary periodicals of the country. Nimrod is the author of several elaborate and most eloquent articles in the Quarterly, upon the Chase, the Road and the Turf. This last most capital performance has appeared in our own columns at length, and is well worth an annual re-publication. It is at present in the course of publication in our American Turf Register, and by the bye, under a head which, unless in the first number, does not perhaps give the general reader a right idea of its source. Had we read but the few last numbers of the Turf Register we should have considered ourselves indebted to "Mr. Darvill, Veterinary Surgeon, 7th Hussars," for the article, instead of the Quarterly; but this *passim*. Nimrod writes also for Frazer's Magazine, and our readers may recollect two articles which we have republished therefrom—Memorabilia and Cibaria Memorabilia—the last a masterly paper on the science of the table. Craven contributes to the London Old Monthly, and we have published some of his sporting "Tableaux," the last of which was scarcely "up to the mark."

Besides these two leading contributors and their correspondents upon Hunting subjects, the English magazines find a rich mine to work in their East India Field Sports; for wherever British enterprise and arms have extended their dominion, we find the taste for manly and honorable field-sports preserved in its freshness, though modified to suit the variety of climate and animal existence found in their almost limitless empire. DECCAN reigns in this department, but with a crowd of rivals near the throne. The sports of our country, too, come within the range of these English magazines. The style of racing in the two hemispheres is so unlike, however, that English readers cannot take that interest in our turf history, which every American Sportsman feels in English racing. The obvious consideration that we derive our stock from England, and that she is independent of us in this respect, would alone sufficiently account for this want of reciprocity. But of late, so extensive have been our importations from Great Britain, that breeders in that country must feel a curiosity to learn the result of our great experiments in horse flesh, not less than in government and finance. It has been very gratifying to our editorial pride, to see many of our own articles thought worthy of insertion in the English periodicals. Our most valuable correspondent "B." and the immortal "Pete Whetstone," have found much favor in the same quarter, and been much quoted abroad; and in reading their productions in the English papers, we do not find that they shine less than in American periodicals. While upon the subject, we would remark that one English magazine, which has thought occasional articles from our paper worthy of quotation, has not thought them sufficiently worthy to give us credit therefor. We allude to the Sportsman, the last number of which contains one of "B.'s" most interesting and valuable letters, and a long, though unpretending article, more nearly akin to us, upon Trout Fishing on Long Island, and yet with no word or sign which can indicate the origin of either article. The fairness of the Sportsman is not very obvious in this, and it is perhaps of very little real moment to us. But as it is our purpose to build up a periodical which shall not only well subserve the cause of the turf, but do us personally some honor, we choose to enter our complaint, thinking it due both to the paper and to ourselves, that its name and influence should be as widely extended, as the value of its contents fairly entitle them. If the Sportsman can find anything in our paper, of merit, fit for the perusal of its own readers, it is most cheerfully welcome to it, upon the usual condition of a direct and bare acknowledgment of its source,—such an acknowledgment as we ourselves always *mean* to give to the humblest article we quote.

In touching upon English sporting writers in the rambling remarks above, many have necessarily been omitted,—nor was it our purpose to allow this article to extend thus far. We have on hand a review of "The Turf for 1837-8," by "Vates,"—a writer full of pith, and a great judge of horses, as he has shown by his "vaticination" of the Derby winners for some years in succession. The article will appear. There are also before us two articles by "Nimrod," being the 2d and 3d dissections of his "Anatomy of Gaming." Their object is to expose the arts and professional tricks of the gamblers, but they are not very interesting, and require much illustration from engravings. Probably we shall not extract them. At another time we may revert to the subject matter of our present article.

BEAUTIES OF THE MAIL.

We intend to keep this head standing till some reform is effected in Uncle Sam's mail arrangements.

Wm. T. Porter, Esq., New-York. NEW-ORLEANS, 30th Dec., 1837.

SIR—I wrote you some weeks ago, desiring that some attention might be paid to the delivery of my paper to me at New-Orleans, and called *your* attention to the same when I last met you here. I have nevertheless never heard any thing of it, and unless I can get it regularly, it will be hardly worth while to subscribe to a periodical which I do not receive. Very respectfully,

Your ob't. serv't., *****

Note by the Mailer.—This paper goes directed " * * * care of * * * *, New Orleans, and is *always* forwarded with regularity.

Correction.—An error was made in the pedigree of one of Mr. Jesse Lutton's stock, in our paper of Nov. 11th, page 312. We republish the pedigree of the mare in question.

Bay mare *Muslin*, 4 yrs. old, by the Great Pacific, her dam by old Diomedan, a son of imported Diomed, her g. dam by Terry's Gimcrack, a son of old Quicksilver, her g. g. dam by imported Blossom, out of a double Janus mare.

STALLIONS OF 1837.

A List of the *get* of Stallions which won, during the year 1837, more than one race.

Name of Sire.	4 mile heats.	3 mile do.	2 mile do.	Mile do.	Best 3 in 5	Total.
Eclipse	5	4	11	8	2	30
John Richards	2	0	1	0	3	6
Bertrand	5	3	2	4	0	14
Leviathan	2	7	10	9	0	28
Stockholder	0	0	4	5	0	9
Luzborough	0	0	6	12	0	18
Sir Charles	3	6	9	4	1	23
Barefoot	0	0	1	3	0	4
Timoleon	0	4	4	4	0	12
Gohanna	0	1	2	1	0	4
Monsieur Tonson	1	1	3	2	0	7
Fylde	0	0	4	4	0	8
Pacific	0	0	1	3	0	4
Andrew	0	0	1	4	0	5
Medley	1	2	4	3	0	10
Wild Bill	0	2	1	1	1	5
Phenomenon	0	1	1	0	0	2
Industry	6	4	1	0	0	11
Roanoke	1	1	0	0	0	2
Dick Dashall	0	0	0	4	0	4
Sussex	2	3	1	0	0	6
Cherokee	0	0	2	1	0	3
Henry	3	5	3	1	0	12
Lance	0	1	3	5	1	10
Mason's Rattler	0	1	0	1	0	2
Nullifier	0	0	1	1	0	2
Woodpecker	1	1	2	1	0	5
Trumpator	1	1	2	2	0	6
Columbus	0	0	2	1	0	3
Waxey	0	0	1	1	0	2
Hedgeford	0	0	1	1	0	2
Crusader	0	0	2	0	0	2
Priam (got in England)	0	0	2	0	0	2
Emilius(got in England)	0	0	0	2	0	2

The get of Flagellator won one race of 4 mile heats.

The get of Redgauntlet, Tariff, Sir Archy, Arab, and Sea Gull, won each one race of 3 mile heats.

The get of Jack Downing, Byron, Lawrence, Apparition, Star, Tom Fletcher, Marion, Star of the West, and Carolinian, won each one race of 2 mile heats.

The get of Henry Tonson, Herr Cline, Pennunkey, Jim Cropper, Victor, Eclipse Lightfoot, Valentine, Peacemaker, Diamond, Merlin, Greybeard, and Pacolet, won each one race of Mile heats.

The get of Van Tromp and Kosciusko won each one race of Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Note.—For the above very interesting tables we are indebted to the kindness of a gentleman of the Carolinas. Much time and great labor must have been required for their composition. The results, we confess, startle us a little, but we are unable to make a thorough investigation of the subject, and prefer trusting to the accuracy of our correspondent. In the compilation of our own tables of winning horses of 1837, we shall have occasion to review the subject, and make such additions as we can. We must again thank our correspondent for the favor he has been at such pains to do us.

Newberry (S. C.) Jockey Club Races.—These races commenced on the 26th ult., and continued four days. The Secretary has obliged us by sending a full report, but it reached us at too late an hour to appear this week.

Mr. EDDY, the Artist, is exhibiting, close to our sanctum, his great picture of *Uncle Sam in an Experiment*. It is very much lauded by artists, and the whig press, and we therefore presume it very well worth visiting.

MOBILE BOAT RACE.

Seadrift vs. *The Wave.*—We find the following account of this match in the Mobile Examiner. The sport has been recently introduced into Alabama, and all classes appear to regard it with favor. The match in question was rowed the 8th instant.

Multitudes were assembled—the decks and rigging of every vessel commanding a view of the river for any distance, were crowded by persons anxious to see the sport, and discussing the merits of the competitors in the coming contest.—The steamer Jefferson, freighted with the rank and beauty of the city, hauled into the river, which was alive with small crafts of every description, careering rapidly over its bosom. Distinguished from all others, in lightness of build, length of keel, and beauty of motion, came the rival boats, bouncing over the dancing billows, as if conscious of the admiration they excited, and rejoicing in the embraces of that element they were so well fitted to grace.

The signal is given—they start—and, as the racer, when under whip and spur of the accomplished rider, dashes onward, so they came sweeping past, the Wave in advance, moving steadily on beneath the measured strokes of her practiced crew. Two lengths behind came the Seadrift, imperceptibly gaining the distance lost by accident at the beginning of the race.* They are now too far ahead to allow the spectators to see which is foremost. They turn—and again the Wave is seen in advance, which advantage she continues to hold, until opening the line of the bay, she has to contend with an increase of wind and current, which her light frame is not fitted for. Not so the Seadrift. Being the heavier boat, and carrying two oars more than her opponent, she swept onward, apparently regardless of wind and current, depending on her own good qualities and the exertions of her crew, for that success which eventually crowned her efforts. She arrived at the judges boat, in thirty-two minutes and forty seconds, and eight or ten seconds ahead of the Wave. After a friendly greeting, the Seadrift went aboard the Jefferson, where music and dancing closed the sports of the evening.

We understand the members of the Wave club, are ready for another trial of skill, at any time according to the terms of the agreement entered into previous to the last race, namely, a four oar boat against a six, or if that wont suit, the Wave against the Seadrift in smooth water.

The boats were manned as follows:—

Seadrift.	Wave.
Jos. P. Armstrong, *Coxswain.*	John B. Todd, *Coxswain.*
1. Wm. Jones,	1. H. McGibbon,
2. Wm. Wood,	2 S. Brown,
3. H. Vail,	3. H. Barton,
4. J. Johnson,	4. H. B. Rolston,
5. D. Geary,	5. R. D. Post;
6. H. Jenkins,	6. H. F. Parker.
7. E. Faber—8. D. Vandevoot.	

* We are informed that the Seadrift ran foul of a snag immediately after the start.—ED.

HOW TO KEEP HUNTERS ROUGH, READY, AND TOUGH.

Early in the month of May I turn my horses into the fields for an hour or two each day for a week or ten days, giving them but a small quantity of corn, and little or no hay. After this probation, it is all night work; their shoes are taken off, their feet well looked to, and they are every night, rain or shine, led to a healthy upland field or common where there is a stream of good water. As I eschew all evil, so do I avoid the fat foggy meadows and rich grazing land; my horses are kept where they have good exercise to gain a livelihood, not where they would become beastly fat like unto the bulls of Basan. Before the *flies* are *up* in the morning my horses are well littered *up* in the stable, where they rest in quietude and fasting during the heat of the day; and when the flies and other daily torments are put up for the night, my horses go out hungry and hearty to their scanty pasture. This treatment is good; for whilst the gadfly and other devilish insects, rejoicing in the heat of the sun, are driving the unhappy out-of-door quadrupeds, tail on end, almost into madness, my horses are enjoying sweet repose. When Night comes with her balmy freshness, my horses are feeding upon the dew-sprinkled grass; their feet are cooled by the moisture of the earth, and they take gentle and unavoidable exercise. About the middle of August they are taken from the field, and stabled day and night: I then give them a small quantity of hay and oats, mixed with carrots or green food, taking care to diminish the quantity of green every day, and to increase the feeds of oats and hay, likewise the daily exercise. When the hunting season has galloped in, and we are mad for work, I stick the beans or peas into them, and work they must. I have put the above system into practice for many years, and it has answered. I have now two hunters in work. One of them, eleven years old, has during seven seasons carried me two hundred and seventy-five times with hounds, and has not had one dose of physic; the other, sixteen years old, came into my possession about five years since, and has up to the present season, without clipping, clothing, or physic, carried me one hundred and twenty-three times with the darlings. Now, my boys, take time by the forelock, and your horse by the head, and go along merrily: I will be with you. Yours, A BRUNECHEVAL.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Dec.

COLUMBUS (Miss.) FALL RACES.

Friend P.—As our Secretary is somewhat remiss in sending you reports of our races when they come off, over the *Hyde Park Course*, I take the liberty of giving you an account of the three days' racing during our Christmas holidays; and if you think it deserving a place in the columns of your valuable paper, you can insert it. I also enclose you $10, for my next year's subscription, and the subscription of my friend ——. I do assure you that your paper is the most valuable one that is published in the United States, and I do not see how Turfmen and Breeders do without it; but enough. Now for the race.

MONDAY, Dec. 25, 1837—Proprietor's Purse $200, ent. $25, added; free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 96—5, 110—6 and aged, 116; 3lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

W. A. Verell's gr. g. *Bernardo*, by Pacific—Sumner's Matilda by Grey Tail, 4 yrs. 2 1 1
Edward Eans' s. g. *Pelham*, by Kosciusko, dam not given, aged. 3 2 2
John B. Jones' b. h. *Choctaw*, by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet, 5 yrs. 1 3 3

Time not recollected, but it was good, considering the state of the track. This was a very interesting race—Pelham (the great Pelham that threw the crowd in Natchez some years ago, when Hard Heart beat him) was the favorite 3 to 1, and thought to be in good order, but it was no go with him. Bernardo got a bad start the first heat, (and was not in good order), and never ran for the heat.

The next two heats were won by Bernardo in gallant style, under a hard pull.

After the main race we had several mile and quarter races.

TUESDAY, Dec. 26—Purse $400, ent $15, added, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

F. R. Gregory's s. m. by Platoff, dam by Hephestion, 5 yrs. walked over.

SAME DAY—Sweepstakes, free for all ages, weights as before; sub. $200 each. Two mile heats.

W. A. Verell's b. f. *Elvira*, by Star, dam by Alfred, 3 yrs. 1 1
F. R. Gregory's s. f. *Virginia*, by Platoff, dam by Hephestion, 5 yrs. (ran as a 4 year old by consent). 2 2

Time not given.

This was an interesting race, and, considering the state of the track, was run in good time. Virginia was the favorite 2 to 1; but the way little Elvira beat her was a caution to all the knowing ones that was on the track that day. The filly is a very small but beautiful thing, and the way she runs is right; for she had been but three weeks from St. Louis, Mo., and her owner had given her a two mile run but an hour before the race, (making her run six miles), thinking that he would not run her in the race.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27—Sweepstakes for mules; 3 subs. at $50 each. One mile out.

D. Myers' mule. 1
Thomas Amis' mule. 2
F. R. Gregory's mule. 3

Time not given.

This, with many other races throughout the day, closed the sports. The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed throughout the races, and much credit is due the enterprising proprietor, F. R. Gregory, for the handsome manner in which he has fitted up his track, and the liberal purses that are hung up.

Yours, &c., A SPORTSMAN.

PITTSBURG (Pa.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 3, 1837—Poststakes for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; two subs. at $100 each, P.P. —— heats.

T. M. Parker's *Margaret K.*, by Veto, out of Hyena, received forfeit from A. W. Small's nomination.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 4—Jockey Club Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to m.'s and g.'s. Four mile heats.

A. W. Small's br. m. *Corinna*, by Trumpator, dam by Director, 5 yrs. 1 1
Dr. C. Coryell's b. h. *John Marshall*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Alfred, 6 yrs. 2 2
G. Mosher's ch. h. *Pyrrhus*, by Adam Duroc, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs. 3 3

Time, 9:27—8:26.

THURSDAY, Oct. 5—Jockey Club Purse $200, free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Dr. C. Coryell's b. h. *John Marshall*, pedigree above, 6 yrs. 4 1 1
Jos. Kyle's ch. m. *Yellow Ann*, or *Polly Piper*, by Contention, d. by Sir Archy, 6 y. 3 3 2
G. Mosher's ch. h. *Pyrrhus*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 1 4 3
A. W. Small's br. h. *Duff Green*, by Bertrand, dam by Haubletonian, 5 yrs. 2 2 dr

Time, 7:04—6:31—6:41. Track muddy.

FRIDAY, Oct. 6—Citizens' Purse $200, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Thos. M. Parker's b. f. *Margaret K.*, pedigree above, 3 yrs. 1 1
Daniel Morgan's b. f. *Lady Whitestockings*, by Florizel, dam by Whip, 4 yrs. 2 2
John Maclin's b. h. *Robin*, pedigree unknown, aged. dist.

Time, 4:29—4:40. Won easily.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7—Jockey Club Purse $100, free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A. W. Small's gr. m. *Whopsicopinico* by Parrott's Sir Charles, out of Betsey Baker, 5 yrs. 1 2 2 1 1
G. Mosher's ch. h. *Pyrrhus*, pedigree above, 5 yrs. 3 1 1 2 2
Dr. C. Coryell's b. h. *Jim Crack*, by Virginian, dam by Old Florizel, aged. 2 3 3 dist.

Time, 2:07—2:10—1:58—2:10—2:08.

Previous to this race came off a match between Archy, aged, and Margaret K. two miles out, for $200, won by Archy. Time, 4:18.

Track 16 yards over a mile. Turf Register.

McMINNVILLE (Tenn.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1837—Sweepstakes for 2 year old colts and fillies; sub. $50 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

P. Hoodenpyl's gr. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Black Sutton. 2 1 1
B. C. Thomas's b. c. by Stockholder, dam by Pacolet. 1 2 2
J. M. Brugg's gr. f. by Stockholder, dam by Arab. 3 3 dis

Time, 1:57—2:01—2:04.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—Sweepstakes, free for all ages; catch weights; sub. $25 each, P.P. One mile out.

F. A. Henry's (Patree's) b. c. by Kosciusko, dam by Potomac, 2 yrs. 1
A. Clark's b. c. by Jefferson, dam not given, 4 yrs. 2
J. Wilcher's b. h. by Andrew Jackson, dam not given, 5 yrs. 3

Time, 1:58.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Citizens' Purse ——, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

F. A. Henry's (Patree's) ch. h. *Sportsman*, by Brunswick, dam by Hamiltonian, 5 y 2 1 1
J. M. Bragg's gr. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs. 1 2 2

Time, 1:58—1:56½—2:01.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Citizens' Purse ——, free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

F. A. Henry's (J. H. Jenkins') bl m. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Carolinian, 5 yrs. 1 1
Thomas & French's ch. f. ——, pedigree omitted, 4 yrs. 2 2
A. Clark's b. c. by Jefferson, dam unknown, 4 yrs. 3 dis
W. R. Stewart's ch. f. by Cock of the Rock, dam not given, 3 yrs. 4 dis

Time, 4:10—4:00. Won easily.

Besides the above, there were a great many trotting and saddle races, which were not noted. Turf Register.

ROCKY MOUNT (Va.) FALL RACES.

TUESDAY, Oct. 17, 1837—For a fine Saddle, worth $30, free for all ages; 3 year olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs., with an allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

Hopkins Nowlin's ch. f. by Midas, dam not given. 4 yrs. 1
Wm. A. Street's b. g. *Bluff*, by Thunderclap, dam not given, aged. 2

Time not kept.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18—Proprietor's Purse $100, free for all ages, weights as before; Two mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' gr. c. *Jim Henry*, by Medley, dam by Ragland's Diomed, 4 yrs. 1
Nowlin & M'Creery's b. f. by Marion, dam not given, 3 yrs. dist.
Henry Kennon's ch. f. by Mercury, dam by Madison, 3 yrs. dist.

Time, 4:03.

Jim Henry won the race hard in hand. The Marion filly was lame when she started.

THURSDAY, Oct. 19—Proprietor's Purse $75, free for all ages, weights as before; Mile heats.

A. L. Burwell's b. f. *Primrose*, by Star, dam by Shakspeare, 3 yrs. 1 1
Nowlin & M'Creery's b. c. *Podargus*, by Star, dam by Black Madison, 4 yrs. 3 2
A. Hughes' b. c. *Punk*, by Traxton, dam not given, 4 yrs. 2 dis

Time, 1:55—1:56.

FRIDAY, Oct. 20—Jockey Club Purse $250, free for all ages, weights as before; Three mile heats.

Leonard Phelps' ch. c. *Bolas*, by Lance, dam by Constitution, 4 yrs. 1 1
John M. Price's b. c. *Landlord*, by Lance, dam by Madison, 4 yrs. 2 2

Time, 6.07—6:15.

Being very slow, in consequence of Bolas courteously waiting on his brother Landlord within 20 paces of the stand, that he might save his distance.

Turf Register. JAMES C. TATE, *Sec'y.*

OPELOUSAS (La) FALL RACES.

THURSDAY, Nov. 2, 1837—Purse $100, ent. $25, for pure blooded Creoles; catch weights; One mile out.

F. C. Devillier's b. g. *Doctor*. 1
Gilbert Sloan's bl. g *Buck*. 2
Samuel Wilmoth's bl. g. *Poney*. 3

Time, 2:07.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $350, ent. $25; weights, 3 year olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118, and aged 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats.

John F. Miller's ch. f. *Lady Wright*, by Crusader, out of Martha Taylor, 4 yrs. 1 1
Samuel Wilmoth's ch. c. *Washington Irving*, by Earle's Pacolet, dam omitted, 4 yrs. 2 dis
A. Gay's b. f. *Morgiana*, by Earle's Pacolet, out of an Opossum mare, 4 yrs. 3 dis

Time, 1:57—2:00.

Lady Wright ran under a strong pull both heats.

FRIDAY, Nov. 3—Purse $450, ent. $50; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

S. Wilmoth's gr. h. *Diamond*, by Diamond, dam omitted, 5 yrs. 1 1
John F. Miller's b. c. *Orange Boy*, by Pacific, out of Martha Taylor, 3 yrs. 2 2

Time, 4:05—4:11.

SATURDAY, Nov. 4—Purse $800, ent. $75; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

J. F. Miller's *Lady of the Lake*, by Henry Tonson, dam not given, 4 yrs. 1 1
Samuel Wilmoth's br. c. *Longitude*, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, 3 yrs. 2 2

Time, 6:14—6:26.

Turf Register. E. W. TAYLOR, *Sec'y.*

New York Amateur Boat Club Association.—The members of this Association held their annual meeting on Monday evening, the 15th inst., at Floyd's, Beekman-street, to elect their officers for the ensuing year, when the following gentlemen were balloted for, and took their seats accordingly:—

JOHN T. ROLLINS (of the *Wave*), President.
W. A. SMITH (of the *Halcyon*) 1st Vice Pres't.
J. R. FLANAGAN (of the *Cleopatra*) 2d do.
G. W. STAGG (of the *Naiad*) Secretary.
N. WILLIAMSON (of the *Pearl*) Treasurer.

We wish them success in their new vocations, and may the good feeling which has happily existed so long among the members of this Association be still farther cemented, by the choice of officers so able to fulfil the duties imposed upon them. Success attend the Association, and all its members.

[For the New York Spirit of the Times.]

A PANTHER HUNT ON THE BLUE RIDGE.

[Concluded.]

DEATH OF THE PANTHER.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

The majority of my readers will doubtless think the above quotation not at all in its proper place at the head of this article; but I write n t to please others, but myself.—(A touch of true independence.) Before I proceed further I will, without circumlocution, candidly assure my readers—(*my* readers—will any of *your* readers think this egotism?)—that this piece will be deficient in *incident* to draw tears from their eyes; consequently, the opening of the fountain of their tears will wholly depend upon *sympathy*.

I have always been alive to the merits of external objects: anything possessing within itself any interest, whether pathetic or absurd, is sure to enlist my feelings. In fact (and I do not claim to possess more than an ordinary share of sensibility), I am singularly affected by things which to others would seem frivolous, and thus may be led to place more importance upon the following than it merits; if so, to those who are unwilling to make allowance for one of such temperament, I will say,—lay down the paper, and read no more of "SEEBRIGHT's" communications.

But again to refer to the quotation. The words of the sensualist Antony were not more applicable to "great Cæsar" than to the unfortunate negro, whose melancholy end I narrated in my last. But so common is it for the world to accord their sympathies to the great, and remain utterly indifferent to the fate of those whose lot in life is humble, that I shall expect nothing more than a "Poor fellow," uttered without meaning, over the African's mutilated corse.

Par parenthesis.—Why is it that a man, who has never been known to do a meritorious action in his life that could entitle him to an elevation above his fellows, when invested with the purse of Crœsus, straightway becomes a thing to be wondered at, and at his death groans are heard, loud enough to convulse the universe? Whilst the poor man, though gifted with every attribute that can ennoble human nature, lives unnoticed, and at his death, passes unheeded and unwept for to the hands of his Creator! And this homage, too, is paid by the poor to the rich, whom they at the same time affect to despise! But enough of this.

Mr. Moreland was absent when we arrived at his house with the body of his slave. Our melancholy procession had attracted many spectators, who were all well acquainted with the unfortunate man, whom they admired, not more for his fidelity in many instances to his estimable master, than for his own goodness of heart. Hence, on the arrival of Mr. Moreland, who was not a little astonished at the concourse of persons assembled at his house, they turned away, unwilling to witness his emotion, being conscious of the esteem in which he held his faithful friend.

"Ah! Seebright, I'm glad to see you back again," said he, shaking me warmly by the hand. "But nothing wrong—eh?" added he, glancing apprehensively around.

Ralph, who had scarcely spoken a word during our tedious journey, arose and led the way to a back room, partially darkened, and where a faint ray of the declining sun fell upon the remains of the ill-starred negro.

Mr. Moreland was somewhat prepared by our manner for something painful, but not at all for the scene presented to his view. He hastily approached the litter, and clasping his hands together, let his head fall upon his breast; he stood as if transfixed. All the man and friend spoke through his eyes and attitude.

Doubtless he thought of his youthful days, when the inanimate mass of clay before him was teeming with life; whose bosom was the sole repository of his childish secrets; his playmate in youth—his friend and nurse in sickness—who was willing, at his own risk, to screen him from the punishment that some indiscretion had subjected him to, and who had ever meekly borne the brief torrent of his froward temper.

Such had been the person now lying before him. Reader, (I will not prefix the word *dear* until I find you merit it,) if you are possessed of the least sensibility, you would do as Mr. Moreland *did*—raise your clasped hands to Heaven, and with quivering lips invoke a blessing upon his departed soul. Think of this, and if you ever had a friend of this description, who was but yesterday buoyant with life, and to-day cut off in the midst of pleasure, when his sun of happiness seemed in its zenith, and can remain unaffected even at the bare mention of such an incident, you deserve to be——hanged!

Mr. Editor, have I not now indulged sufficiently in the *pathetique* to justify the line at the head of this article? if not, I shall despair of doing so: for I have never been able to remain serious for more than five minutes at a time in the whole course of my life; and just at this moment I begin to feel a touch of the absurd, which for the life of me I cannot prevent from flowing from my pen.

At that moment a noise was heard, which to my unpractised ears sounded very much like what a drove of horses would be supposed to make in ascending a pair of stairs; the door opened, and who should enter but the wife of the lost Dutchman, preceded, surrounded, and followed by her children, from Hans junior to *leetle* Gertrude, in numbers about a round dozen. For the wealth of the Indies I could not help laughing, internally, to the imminent danger of an eruption in the hypogastric region. I have heard of the sublime and the ridiculous, and of the affinity which the one bears to the other, but I had not before seen so strong an illustration of it. There stood Patience, (*not* on a monument, and *not* smiling at grief,) literally beset by her children, whose large heads, broad faces, large eyes, and not *very* small mouths, nor *very* thin lips, with most awful long bodies, and *monstrous* short legs, (persons *had* legs in those days,) ludicrously contrasted with the appearance of their mother. It was an exhibition, at the sight of which you would very innocently say to yourself, and without any lack of sympathy, "In the name of all that's reasonable, where did she get those queer-looking beings from?" I had never minutely examined her countenance or her figure during my few brief visits to her house: but now I could not help being struck with both. She was tall, and her form possessed great regularity, with a roundness that was pleasant to look at. Her features were rather sharp, but full of expression, and a deadly paleness overspread her face, which gave an unnatural brilliancy to her small black eyes. Her hair, though of a jet-black, did not, like the hair of most heroines in similar situations, hang dishevelled on her shoulders, but was confined under a clean white cap, with a stray lock here and there escaping from under it.

It was with an effort she spoke; she placed her hands upon her bosom, as if she would stay the palpitations that impeded her utterance. Mr. Moreland looked inquiringly on her.

"Ralph—Ralph Moreland, where is my husband?" She spoke these words in a tone, the distinctness and clearness of which thrilled to our hearts.

"What!" hastily asked Mr. Moreland, looking at Ralph, "Hans is not dead?"

Ralph narrated the circumstances, and added, "But we will set out again this night, and not return till we have ascertained his fate."

"But *do* you think there is hope of his being alive?" said the woman, leaning forward towards Ralph, while a faint glow spread upon her cheeks.

"While nothing is known," said Ralph, "there is hope; but I would not have you be too sanguine in your anticipations, for should the worst be the case, your sorrow will be the more acute."

At the first words of Ralph, a gleam of sunshine flitted across her face, which at the conclusion changed to a look of blank despair. She drew back, and her figure seemed to have acquired an additional height as she spread forth her arms, as though she would encircle the forms of her children. The action seemed involuntary; all the mother spoke in the movement, plainer than any words the tongue could utter. From the very centre of my soul I honored that woman. Mr. Moreland appeared to regard her with the same thoughts, for he took her hand, and with much emotion, assured her that every effort should be made to restore her husband, and kindly bade her be of good cheer, and hope for the best; adding, that he himself, though it was long since he had been on an excursion to the Blue Ridge, would, notwithstanding, accompany the party to the scene of our late disaster.

Mrs. Von Schullemburger made no reply, but the tears that followed this assurance were more eloquent than words. She pressed his hand, and hastily quitted the room, followed by her sons and daughters, in single file, who instinctively ranged themselves according to the priority of birth: viz., the larger ones first, with the smaller children bringing up the rear. I would fain have wept, but was forced to bite my lips to repress my laughter.

We left the room, and Mr. Moreland went to give orders respecting the necessary preparations for our second journey. Ralph, with our companions in the hunt, and myself, were standing in the porch in front of the house, when we suddenly heard a whistle, that rivalled in clearness and fulness a good-sized valve-trumpet, and presently a "Tally-ho!" in a voice that a Stentor might be proud of, and which set every dog and cat in the house frisking and purring; then came a scratching at the back-door, and a confused noise of whining, yelping, and barking.

"Ha!" said Ralph, laughing, "here comes cousin Bob. Seebright, you will now see an original, as odd a fish as ever your two eyes beheld."

In a few moments the back-door was thrown open, and there came a rush of dogs that nearly choked up the passage, followed by a figure about *so* high, and as broad across the shoulders as—*that*. I dare say the reader will comprehend me exactly, for the above figures of comparison do not owe their origin to my inventive faculties.

As this very queer personage will figure somewhat largely in my sketches, I shall attempt to give a faint idea of his character, at the same time conscious of my inability to do justice to "Massa Bawb," as I understood poor Cudjo was wont to call him.

This singular being was a nephew of Mr. Moreland, rejoicing in the name of Robert Jones, but was in ecstacies at being called "Bob." He was about five feet three inches in height; his shoulders, to measure correctly their breadth, would require a city surveyor, "with all his means and appliances to boot," upon which was placed a head of no ordinary dimensions, surmounted by a cap constructed of fox-skins, and garnished with two or three tails belonging to the aforesaid vermin. Bob's optics, though, were the first things you beheld: they were black, and stood out in bold relief *from* his head. I verily believe they were distinct from his head, for he could, by a process known only to himself, make them perform the circuit of the upper limb, (is the head a *limb*?—I use the word to avoid repetition,) each eye taking a contrary direction, and passing one another at the back without collision. I may exaggerate the fact a *little*, but they were very queer eyes. His arms were another *striking* feature in his formation: they were about as long as you could imagine human arms should be, and they also stood out some distance from the shoulder, and looked as if they might be turned around, like the fans of a windmill, without the least peril to their sockets. I have said his shoulders were *rather* broad, but his body was comparatively slight, and tapered down to a very small pair of feet. To see at once the outlines of his figure, look at a monstrous top, with the addition of a head. Mr. Bob Jones wore a blue coat, I know not of what materials, the fashion of which was something between a frock and a dress-coat, intersecting which, on either side, were two enormous pockets, in which two of his dogs would find ample room to stand bolt upright; his nether limbs were clothed in buckskin smalls, met by a pretty pair of yellow-top water-proofs.

Now for characteristics, et cetera. He was the only person I ever became acquainted with that had the singular faculty of placing himself in the four corners of a room all at the same time. He was eternally in motion, and when talking with you he would present his side, one leg in advance of the other, and placing his cap on one side of his head, shut the eye farthest from you, which appeared to add its length to the open one, which seemed miraculously gifted with the powers of speech and hearing, and then perform sundry undulatory movements, partaking of the rock-the-baby-to-sleep character. There never was anything in this world, if his words are to be relied on, that he was not perfectly conversant with. There never was anything constructed that he had not made one "just like it."—(By the by, Bob was a bachelor.) And, to cap all, he declared, without the least indications of shame or delicacy, that there was *nothing* in the world, he knew, that he had not seen. This is Mr. Bob Jones, whose character I comprehended perfectly from the first words he spoke.

"Cousin Robert," said Ralph, "let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Seebright,—Mr. Seebright, my friend, Mr. Jones."

"Ah, Ralph," said his cousin, "Bob, Ralph, Bob.—How d'ye do? Seebright, how are you, my fine fellow—eh?" Here Bob shut one eye, and opened the other, and forthwith began to take a fair view of my make: the scrutiny seemed to have given him the greatest satisfaction, for he instantly pounced upon my hand, and betrayed symptoms of twisting it off.

Without waiting for my acknowledgements, he turned upon his heel, shaking all the hands in the porch, accompanying the wringing with—"How are you, Jack Brown—Tom Smith?" &c. &c.

"How did you make out with the panther?—Ho! ho!—Egad! but I should like to have seen Hans, with his long duck-gun!" and then dropping that subject, without apparently noticing our serious looks, he bawled, out, "Where the deuce's Uncle Dan?—Cudjo! halloa, Snowball! what the devil's become of that fellow?" and then as if struck by our silence, he turned and looked inquiringly at us.—"Eh?—eh?—nothing's the matter?" Here was a palpable attempt at being serious.

Ralph pointed to the back room and said, "Go in there." Bob shuffled into the room in a manner peculiar to himself.

What passed while Bob was in the room, I am unable to say; this I know, tears were in his eyes when he came out, and his mouth bore a most awful expression, which it would not have been good for a timid person to behold.

"Ralph, how did Charcoal come to that pass—eh?"

Ralph related our unfortunate excursion, with the consequent death of Cudjo, and the disappearance of Hans.

"I'm d——d if ever I thought I loved that nigger so;—come here, sirs,—Jupiter—Venus!" to his dogs. "Well, if that darky hadn't a white heart, my name's not Bob Jones!" and then, as if forgetting the unfortunate negro, he cried out, "How d'ye do, Uncle Dan?" as the latter made his appearance.

"How are you, nephew? I suppose you have heard"—— Bob nodded.

"Come, gentlemen, if you will sit at my table you are heartily welcome; after which we will set off on our journey."

"What," said Bob, "are you going on a journey—where?"

"Yes, nephew. Hans is missing.

"The Dutchman aint dead, or his body would have been found."

"But we have slight hopes of his safety."

There was silence; all seemed to be laboring under a seettled gloom but Jones, who soon found the use of his organ of oratory.

"Ah, Seebright," said he, casting one of the most quizzical looks at me that was ever imagined, "I once knew a chap in Charlottesville—he's dead now, poor fellow—who looked just like you. Me and him was crossing the Ridge once, when——"

"Cousin Robert," said a sweet voice, proceeding from the mouth of as pretty a piece of animated clay as ever moved with life: it was Ralph's sister. But as I am an inveterate old bachelor, I shall say nothing of her at present, but may, at some future time "a tale (not *tail*) unfold." I afterwards learned that she interrupted him purposely, in mercy to us, that he would not inflict upon the company the penance of hearing that story, which he narrated to some one every day, and each time he detailed the resemblance that his deceased friend bore to his hearer.

"What, my pretty bird of Paradise?"

"Brother Ralph speaks to you," said Emma, blushing at the words of Mr. Bob Jones.

Ralph understood her. "Well, Bob, are you going with us?"

"To be sure I am," said Bob.

"Have you your rifle with you?" inquired Smith.

"That I have, my fine buck. I have the finest rifle——"

"We can perform the distance, I think, in eight hours: can't we, Seebright?" said Ralph; "though father's——"

"Ah!" rejoined Mr. Moreland, "don't fear for me; I can keep up with you youngsters yet."

"I say, uncle Dan!" bawled Bob, "don't you remember when I walked from Charlottesville to W—— ?—I beat——"

"Mr. Seebright," said the charming voice of Miss Emma; "were you pleased with Charlottesville?"

"Ah!—oh!" exclaimed the indefatigable Bob, who was determined to have his way; "I heard of you being in Charlottesville a day or two ago. Why didn't you call at dad's house?"

"But, my dear, sir, I did not know you from Adam."

"Ah, ha! that's a good one," laughed Mr. Jones; "not know me—not know Bob Jones!—Where the devil have you been all your life?—Everybody in Charlottesville knows Bob Jones."

After this, I could not reasonably offer any excuse for my former ignorance of such a personage as Mr. Robert Jones.

"I heard you had been there fifteen minutes after you left; Mrs. Slack told our folks, and gave a particular description of your person. Seebright, let me ask you one question: "is not your shirt marked 'S. S.'?"

"Very true," said I, wondering what was coming next.

"So Mrs. Slack told me," said Bob.

"How did she know that?"

"You know you don't sleep in the shirt that you wear during the day." Emma made some excuse, and left the room.

"Eh?" said I, my astonishment not at all abated.

"Mrs. Slack told me so."

All in the room broke out into laughter, as much at the manner of Bob's telling it, as at my puzzled looks.

"How in the name of wonder did she find that out?—she didn't watch me—eh?"

"No," said Bob; "but you know she belongs to a tribe of Yankees, and wishing to find out everything by every available means, after you had fallen asleep, which she ascertained by placing her ear to the keyhole, she entered your room and examined everything belonging to you. Egad, Seebright, you should have seen the poor woman when I said I believed she had——"

"I hope she's satisfied," said I.

"Oh, yes, perfectly. She said you was such a nice young man: so *purlite*, and gave such *pritty* answers to her questions. But come, let us be on the march; though I would rather have a fox chase, yet it will give me a good deal of sport to shoot the panther, and find out whether Hans' in the land of the living or not." Saying this, Mr. Bob proceeded to take off his boots, and replace them by a pair of moccasins and leggins.

Acting upon this hint, we put ourselves in travelling plight, and began our march. It was about eight o'clock in the evening; there was a bright moon above us, and the air was fresh and bracing; and though most of us had not taken repose since our return, we were too inured to such jaunts to feel fatigued. Not wishing to speak, or not knowing what to speak of, we, by tacit consent, allowed Mr. Bob Jones to have it all to himself, which he was in no way bashful at availing himself of, showering his discourse first upon his dogs and his rifle, then upon us, and lastly, upon all at the same time, the substance of which I will not communicate to my readers, fearing my verbosity has already proved anything but palatable.

We encamped about one o'clock, a few miles from Brock's Gap, intending to renew our journey at daybreak. Accordingly we selected a spot, and kindled a fire, which was, as Bob very gravely informed us, for the purpose of warming us, and keeping off the wild beasts. Bob very earnestly said that he should be happy to watch while the others slept, but that he was troubled with a complaint, which the doctors said would prove troublesome to him if he deprived himself of sleep.

"Nephew," said Mr. Moreland, archly, "you have been annoyed with that complaint a long time: it seems to trouble you only when travelling."

"Yes, Uncle," said Bob, sighing; "it is mortifying to be unable to partake in the watch we are forced to establish for our preser-er-va—oh! hum!" and Bob laid himself down, and, without a prayer, sunk into *not* a *silent* slumber.

Nothing worth recording took place during our encampment. About daylight Bob awoke, and detected, as he declared, the watch fast asleep; at the same time making up some of the most uncouth faces that the sun ever shone upon, complaining that *that* complaint had not allowed him to close his eyes during the live long night.

The Lord forgive him for lying: you might have heard him snore at a distance of two hundred yards; and as for *that* complaint, no one was ever able to discover its seat, or its name, or its origin.

The sun had attained a considerable height before we arrived in the vicinity of Brock's Gap. We, who had so recently returned from this spot, were painfully moved at again beholding the never-to-be-forgotten scene; and the whistling and Tally-ho-ing of Bob, which he kept up incessantly, grated harshly upon our ears. Suddenly the sky became overcast, and the clouds gradually sinking below the elevation on which we stood, veiled everything beneath in all the darkness of Erebus; then the sun, gliding out of a cloud, would shed a light around, which, reflecting through others, presented a scene that requires an abler pen than mine to delineate. All these beauties were enjoyed by my reflective faculties, while the passing clouds made my limbs sensible of their proximity, by conveying to them a sensation similar to that felt by a person overtaken by a thunderstorm, in the midst of a large prairie, without an umbrella, and no house, tree, or hole within half-a-dozen miles; and I might add, clothed in nankeens and a straw hat.—(Mr. Editor, if you have never been on the Blue Ridge during a thunderstorm, I would advise you to take a trip there about the latter end of May, when you can enjoy yourself "most hugely," as "my daughter Fanny" would say; be sure to select a place where you cannot readily find shelter, otherwise you would fail to realize the pleasure you might anticipate.)

We at last gained the spot where the lamentable tragedy took place. Bob, who was in advance of the rest, cried out—"Why, here's Hans' gun!" and sure enough, there lay the piece, in the very place where it had fallen from the Dutchman's hands.

Meanwhile, the appearance of the Heavens assumed a more threatening aspect, and we could scarcely distinguish an object at ten yards' distance. We cast our eyes in every direction, but nothing could we see that had the appearance of animal life. The cave was just discernible in the gloom, and the mound within the Gap seemed rising like some huge tenant of the drear abyss, threatening with annihilation the daring hunter who should rashly disturb its solitude.

"There's a storm brewing, my boys," said Mr. Moreland, "and from all appearances, I should judge it will be no ordinary one."

And the thunder seemed to answer: for a dull, heavy, rumbling noise was heard, dying away in the distance, followed by a gust of wind, sweeping the mountain tops, while stubborn trees bent to the blast, as if in acknowledgment of the power of HIM that holds the lightnings in his hand, and fixes a limit to the storm.

"Hush!" said Ralph suddenly, motioning us back. We stood still, and he, cocking his rifle, threw himself on his face, and crept cautiously towards the brink of the Gap. We held our breaths, until we could hear a strange noise, something like—"Boo-oo-oo—shoo-oo!" evidently proceeding from the mound in the Gap. At every movement of Ralph the "boo-oo-ing" was repeated.

At last Ralph raised his rifle—pulled the trigger—but no report—the ignited powder flashed harmlessly upwards.

"By the Lord Harry!" exclaimed Ralph, in a disappointed tone, "a flash in the pan;—never has this rifle played me false before."

At the same instant a voice from the Gap cried,—"Oh! mine Got!—oh, dear!—Halloa!—oo! there!—here I be—halloa!—oh!"

"Why, Dutchy!" bawled Mr. Jones, "is that you?"

"Oh! Mr. Bob, yes: oh do help me up. I'm dead—I'm starved—I'm killed by te panter.—Boo-oo!—shoo!"

"Why do you make that noise?" asked Mr. Moreland, who could not help laughing at the situation of poor Hans.

"Oh, to frighten te beasts away. Oh, help me up;—ah, Ralph, is that you?" said Hans, as a gust of wind, by dispersing a cloud, enabled him to see us. The poor fellow was perched in the topmost branches of the dwarf oak, presenting a figure that defies description.

The thunder now became louder and more frequent in its peals, followed by a few drops of rain. We therefore hastened to extricate the worthy schoolmaster from his dilemma, which we did by joining our belts together, and throwing the end to him, directing him to fasten it around his body under his arms, and in this manner we drew him up.

But oh! his plight! never was such an object seen before. His face was scratched, and bruised, and besmeared with blood; his pantaloons, or at least, one leg of them, was absent, and the other had the appearance of having been in the wars. He was without any covering but his shirt and the aforesaid leg of the pantaloons. We thought his senses had taken their departure in company with the missing garments, for he was in a whirlwind of hysterics: that is, in that equivocal state that Bob afterwards termed "between a cry and a laugh." I'll defy the pen of a Scott, or the pencil of a Lawrence, to depict the expression of his countenance at that moment. Lavater could not have imagined it, and if he had looked upon it, he would have shot himself in despair.—(Wonder if fire-arms were invented in Lavater's time?—I'm not sure, but will search history from the beginning of the world.)

I shall omit the inquiries of Hans about his "tear Patients and his chiltren;" the latter he seemed to take a particular pleasure in enumerating, and inquiring how they were individually, and in listening to our answers.

Our spirits, now that we had found the lost man, took a more joyous turn. The now swift-falling rain admonished us to betake ourselves to shelter, and we accordingly availed ourselves of the not very inviting roof of the cave before described. Hans had some scruples as to entering this place; but necessity has no law, and he went in, carrying one of our knapsacks, containing provisions, which he began to dissect with all the expertness of a surgeon.

As we entered the mouth of the cave, a sharp voice from within cried out,—"'*When he uttereth his voice, there is a multitude of waters in the heavens, and he causeth the vapours to ascend from the ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures.*'"

This startled me not a little; but Bob bawled out,—"Gird, is that you?—come here?" Presently a figure came from the back of the den, and stood before us. He was a youth about eighteen years of age, and extremely good-looking, but very illy clad. He generally accompanied hunters in their rambles, being famous as a runner.*

As if in mercy to us, no sooner had we ensconced ourselves than the thunder pealed over our heads, as if it would rive the mountains asunder, and the lightning darted its hissing bolts towards the earth, as if commissioned to destroy everything that bore the impresss of life. The occasional flashes enabled us to catch a glimpse of each other; we were all, save Ralph, lying down: he stood reclining against the entrance of the cavern, his arms folded, looking calmly upon the warring elements. All at once there came a crash that brought us all to our feet, and we saw the thunderbolt shatter the oak that so lately held the terrified Dutchman among its branches. I have beheld storms, but had not dreamed of the terrific grandeur of one like that we now witnessed.—

> "Such war the immortals wage; such horrors rend
> The world's vast concave when the gods contend."

It was about eleven o'clock when the storm ceased; the sun shone out brilliantly, and gave promise of a beautiful day. We had no intention of returning yet; but Hans made much ado about it, and said he would stay no longer. So to silence him, Mr. Moreland volunteered to go home with him, leaving the youngsters to follow their inclinations. This met with Hans' most decided approbation, and he was about going off, when the barking of our dogs warned us that something was not right in that quarter. The poor Dutchman begged most piteously to be helped up into a tree, where he was soon snugly placed, with his gun loaded with shot, for he wished to fire at birds on his way home, disapproving of bullets, for what reason I know not, without he thought them more dangerous.

Below the cave, on the east side, was an ascent, covered by rocks and thickets, affording a good retreat to the panther or the wolf. At the foot of this hill stood the tree in which was perched our friend Hans. Ralph and his father had reached the summit, the rest of us walking leisurely, with our rifles ready. Presently Ralph came towards us, leaving his father behind, who was attentively watching the dogs.

"Ah!" said Ralph, turning to one side, "here's the body of poor Dash!" There lay the once beautiful dog, torn and bloody, and on the turned-up earth a piece of flesh, of a dull brown color, evidently a fragment of the panther's ear, showing how bravely the unfortunate dog had fought.

"By this we shall know him," said Ralph, taking up the ear; "the dog shall be avenged."

We were now startled by the barking of the dogs, followed by a sullen growl and before we could move, a panther, with flashing eyes, emerged from a thicket a short distance from Mr. Moreland. We raised our rifles, but dared not fire, as the old man stood between the animal and ourselves. Mr. Moreland fired, but without effect, and in attempting to run, he stumbled and fell. In another moment the panther would be on his victim, when the trigger of Hans' duck-gun was pulled, and you might, if you had looked sharp, have seen the shot take their way towards the panther, and enter his eyes, which blinded him for the moment, thus enabling Mr. Moreland to escape. At the fall of his father, Ralph involuntarily sprang towards him, and gained the spot just as Hans fired: he raised his never-failing rifle, and the jagged bullet entered the panther's breast, but did not kill.

Now came the danger. The animal, infuriated from the pain of its wound, uttered a terrific growl, and lashing its sides with its tail, prepared to spring upon his daring foe. We had now no hope for Ralph, and looked upon him as dead. He was cool and collected, and acted the hunter nobly; with a wary eye he noted the movements of his remorseless adversary, and quickly threw himself on his side, his left hand resting on the ground, and his right grasping tight his hunting-knife. Never had I before seen that manœuvre, and my blood curdled in my veins as I beheld it. For a moment the monster paused, and the next made a spring; something glittered in the sun, and ere the animal reached the ground, the blade of the keen-edged knife had passed through its neck, severing the head nearly from the trunk, at the same time that, quick as thought, Ralph avoided the panther in his fall, and sprang to his feet in triumph.

"Ah, ha!" cried Mr. Bob Jones, bustling up with much importance, with his rifle before him, as if he had been terribly busy; but where he had been no one was able to tell, and he now began to make up for lost time by doing a great deal, though what that great deal was I cannot say.

After stripping the panther of his hide, which Ralph did very expeditiously, and hanging it upon a branch of a tree, intending to call for it in a short time, we began to retrace our steps, well satisfied with our trip.

As Hans' very questionable appearance would not become him to enter the village, though he did not care in what situation he got home so long as he reached it, Ralph took off his hunting-shirt and gave it him, which rendered him rather more unobjectionable. And thus we reached W——, gratified at having rescued a worthy man from a horrible death, and nobly avenged the slain African by the "DEATH OF THE PANTHER."

SEEBRIGHT.

* I shall give a description of this person in my next, and also of the term "runner." This character is taken from life. I have introduced him here from the impression his words made upon me: his name is Girden Nugent.

A Court Anecdote.—When a female member of the British royal family holds a levee, it is customary for her to kiss the ladies of the nobility, and no others. It happened that the lady of the Lord Justice Clerk was, on one occasion, among the number of those presented to the late Princess Amelia, who, as it is very well known, was very deaf—"Stand by for my Lady Justice Clerk," said the man in waiting. Meanwhile, some meddling person whispered him that his announcement was incorrect, the lady being a commoner. By this time the kissing ceremony was about to be performed, when out bawled the man of office, through a speaking trumpet, "Don't kiss her, madam—she's not a lady!"

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE JOHN MYTTON, ESQ.

BY JUNGLICUS.

During his minority, Mytton was extremely fond of tandem driving, an amusement to which all fast young ones of that day were partial. His vehicle was neat, and his *machiners* being thorough bred and in high condition, enabled him to go through the country fast enough to astonish the natives. So great was his popularity among them, that whenever they saw a carriage going along at a faster rate than usual, they immediately left off their work with the cry of "there goes Mytton," and scampered as hard as they could to the road side to cheer him, and have a peep at "the best fellow in all England," as they termed him. Had it been the king instead of the man they looked for, they would have returned, muttering, "he's not half such a trump." He generally went a good fourteen miles an hour, exclusive of stoppages, in the way of spills, turn-ups, &c.* For any one who obstructed or incommoded him was sure of a bellyfull of blows, together with something to drink the squire's health by way of a digestive. It was in going at this rate to Habberley to shoot once, that he capsized a friend at Pontesbury; the horse starting, leaving the broken vehicle to be drawn to Shrewsbury by a Potter's horse, Mytton with great difficulty borrowing one to ride thither himself.

The first time I ever hunted with Mytton was on the day Sir Bellingham Graham made his debut in Shropshire, he being about to take the management of the hounds. Sir Edward Smyth's pack met at Pytchford Hall, the seat of Lord Liverpool, and having sent my horse to bait at the Oat Sheaf public house in the village, I went to the stable to look after him. While there, Mytton drove up in his chaise and four, and having two hunters (which had been sent over on the previous night) in adjoining boxes, he entered the stable also. Having inspected them, to my great surprise (for it was the first time in my life I had ever heard of it, though I believe it now to be a pretty general custom in Shropshire) he ordered the animals a couple of quarts of warm ale, which when they had taken, he observed, "There is nothing like that, depend on it, both for man and horse. If the poor devils only knew what they must go through for me to-day, they'd be d—d glad to swallow another such dose." Mytton then went in, and no doubt primed himself, for it struck me that as he had heard Sir Bellingham was an excellent horseman, and one who both could and would go, the above preparation was intended to keep up the animal's stamina while he endeavored to eclipse him. Seeing so novel an expedient adopted by a man who I held in estimation as a good judge of such matters, and at the recommendation of the ostler, I ordered some for my horse. The animal, who, as far as I know, had never tasted any before, smelt it for a moment, and dipping his head into the bucket, finished it at once. Mytton soon started, followed by his second horse, and the hounds were thrown off. As numbers were out the burst was crowded, and I, though young, got a good place, which I kept for a few fields immediately in front of Mytton. Finding me, I suppose, an obstacle in his way, upon coming to a fence, he suddenly and vehemently addressed me with, "If you have any nerve to go, then pray, Sir, do! or else by G—d I'll ride over you!" which I doubt not he would have done, had I not put more steam on, and cleared myself from him.

An Irishman lately living at Whitchurch, who was rather touched in his upper works, occasionally afforded Mytton some amusement; for fool though the fellow was in many respects, he possessed a portion of that peculiar shrewdness for which his countrymen are so remarkable—and to secure his own ends, in various ways, very willingly entered into anything pointed out by the Squire, to whom he was well known by the *sobriquet* of "Paddy Wildfire." Mytton frequently mounted him on a hack, rigged out in an old left-off red coat, with a sky-blue ribbon "all round his hat," or rather hunting cap, which, contrasted with the rest of his daily habiliments (that were none of the best), gave him a very singular and grotesque appearance, and consequently added to his eccentric manners. Mytton's hounds met one day at Ellesmere town-end, and Paddy considering it a good opportunity for a day's sport, and its usual accompaniment, an evening's jollification, hastened to Tinkler, and told him "the Master said he was to have the *Devil* to ride that day." Tinkler knowing Mytton's ways so well, gave credence to Paddy's mission, but while saddling the horse, asked him why he did not come and ride out with the hounds.

"Fait now," replied Paddy, "I was not ready."

"You should have made yourself ready," retorted the groom.

"Arrah! be asy, now, will ye now Sir Tingler, don't ye know it's already done to hand, for don't the masther say I'm a ready made fool?" said Paddy.

The horse being saddled, Paddy started on his back to Ellesmere, taking good care to keep out of Mytton's sight until they broke cover. He then joined the hunt, had an excellent run, and much to the owner's surprise, there was the Devil backed by Paddy, taking the lead, never for a moment being headed by any one. When the Hibernian took the horse home, there was the devil to pay in earnest, for Mytton was much exasperated at the horse (which he wanted for another occasion,) having been out, and if Paddy did not come in for sweepstakes or at the death (for the fox was lost), he at least came in for such a sweep of the lash administered by a vigorous arm, as he remembered during life, and in lieu of his expected good cheer, got locked up in one of the attics. Mytton leaving home next day without giving any orders respecting his prisoner, Paddy was forgotten until the servants heard his kicking and bellowing the next evening; and Mytton not returning until the following day, Paddy was kept in durance vile until he arrived, without being able to procure any provisions. Though the servants enjoyed the joke too well to put themselves much out of the way to procure his release, Mytton was vexed at the poor fellow's unintended long confinement, and dismissed him with a regular skinful, and a *panacea* in the shape of a note, which put Paddy *to rights*, though he never again attempted to borrow a horse for a day's sport.

Connected with the Devil, another incident occurs to memory. At the time Mytton purchased the bear he kept, a monkey was included in the bargain for £35. The latter was a much more prolific source of amusement than the former, and from being frequently strapped on the backs of the dogs, and sent scampering about the house, he became used to the fun, and at length particularly fond of being mounted on the horses' backs in the stable. The monkey's *penchant* for equestrian feats did not long escape his owner's notice, and as Mytton sometimes mounted all his household, in fact every one he could find a horse for, when his *corps d' elite* were to manœuvre against a beg fox, it is not surprising that a man of his temperament should strive to elicit some sport from the mischievous animal. Accordingly the next time a fox was turned out, Monsieur Jacko was fastened to the Devil in such a manner as to prevent his falling off, yet leaving him a little freedom. The hounds being laid on the drag, and the horse loosed, away went the monkey with a small cane which had been put in his hand, and which he retained during the whole of the run of about twenty minutes. After the horse took the first fence or two, upon approaching every succeeding one, Jacko amused the field by his chattering, grinning, and monstrous distortions of countenance, the leaping part of the business appearing to discompose him too much to be pleasant, he evinced his aversion to it by his looks. The field was convulsed with laughter during the whole affair, and strange to say the horse took a line of his own, performing his part as well as if a rider had been on his back. This monkey was in the habit of drinking strong potations given to him by the grooms at Halston, and took to it so kindly that he became a regular toper. One evening, after having got a bellyful of the potent beverage, he went to rest in the saddle-room. In the course of the night it is supposed he felt himself thirsty, and searching the place for something to drink, found a blacking bottle. It luckily had not much in it, however, the thirsty animal emptied its contents, for which he paid dearly. The draught caused him a severe illness, and had he been capable he might have sung Warren's parody on "The light of other days hath faded," for the illness terminated in total blindness. He never thoroughly got over his relish for Warren, though he still afforded a little amusement by groping about his favorite haunts, and occasioning some ludicrous accidents before his death, which occurred a short time afterwards.

* Perhaps the most extraordinary accident which ever happened upon the road, is the following, which will not appear out of place by way of illustrating the driving of such a one as Mytton, as it is extremely doubtful whether any one's experience can furnish a parallel. On Thursday, Nov. 2d, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Victoria coach, which runs between Middlesborough and Whitby, started from Guisborough for the latter place, taking the low road, which leads through Skelton, Brotton, Loftus-tye, &c. To those who are acquainted with that part of the country it is needless to describe the character of the road; and to those who are not, it is sufficient to say they cannot find a worse one to travel on, between the Land's-end and John o' Groats. The hills are large and precipitous, the road rough, narrow, and crooked; and the bridges, which are exceedingly steep, seem to have been built for the express purpose of intimidating travellers. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, the coach, which was heavily laden, pursued its course steadily and safely, leaving behind it Dale-house, Mill-bank, Lythe bank, and Dunsley here. When they had arrived at a place called Aislaby Chapel, about two miles from Whitby, the pole chain suddenly broke, and the coach in consequence became unmanageable. The coach, after reeling a little from side to side, at length slipped off the edge of the road, broke in two a stout post of a foot in diameter, fell down a precipice between 30 and 40 feet high, rolling over in its progress three times, with all the passengers, horses, and luggage. In the house were six passengers, and on the outside three. Mr. Hutchinson, of Brotton, distinguished himself by his activity in giving aid to the poor females, who uttered the most distressing cries. As soon as the coach had finished its circumvolutions, that gentleman smashed the window to pieces, which was closed, and effecting his escape by that outlet, proceeded to liberate the rest. A commercial traveller, of the name of Simpson, who, in his gig, had accompanied the coach for some distance, also rendered what assistance was in his power, and then rode rapidly to Whitby to despatch chaises and surgical help. But the most wonderful part of this affair remains to be stated. Amongst all the passengers (ten in number) there was not one materially injured—the horses were unhurt—and the coach little or nothing damaged. The driver was thrown off in the first instance, and the coach rolled over him—he also was unhurt! An outside passenger, the master of a Middlesborough colliery, was hurled with much violence to the ground, and he lay for some time without any apparent animation. The first impression was that he was dead. When his faculties were a little restored and he was made sensible of the critical situation in which he had been placed, one of the passengers expressed a hope that he was not seriously hurt; his reply was characteristic of his profession; 'Hut! what wi' syk a thing as that?' pointing to the coach; 'I could bless you, nout ivver hids nice;" and he laughed and chuckled at the idea of such a contemptible circumstance as the overturning of a coach hurting a man like him. At the time of his accident it happened it was quite dark, and everything was viewed by the uncertain light of a lantern. The place into which the vehicle was precipitated was a deep dell surrounded by briars and bushes. The breaking of the pole-chain was the sole cause of the mischief.

Mytton, as his memoirs will show, had recourse to a variety of things which are scarcely credible, yet I cannot refrain giving one that is well authenticated. Strolling one evening around his grounds, he came in contact with a beggar miserably clad, who well knowing his unbounded generosity, requested alms. Being, as usual, ripe for mischief, he desired the mendicant to strip and exchange outward garments with him. The metamorphosis was soon completed, and the man being liable to detection in Mytton's clothes, which were known for miles, he desired him to stay where he was, Mytton telling him he should have the clothes and a present of something else, provided he did not, by his appearance, interrupt the scheme he had in view. Glad of such a chance, the man assented, and Mytton, with his assistance, was so completely disguised that it was almost an impossibility to detect him, more particularly as he had the moment before been seen at his own table. Thus disguised, with a tattered hat hanging over his eyes, he proceeded up to the hall, and there demanded relief from his own servants. As is too generally the case with that class of persons, the supposed beggar was jeered at, and not having the least idea of the deception practised, they refused to bestow the slightest token of charity, with the exception of one young man who gave him two-pence. Mytton, still further to prove their dispositions, begged some drink. This was at first refused, but after a while, half a pint of miserable small beer, the soured dregs of a barrel, was offered him and rejected. "You fare too well," said he, "and become saucy in your situations, or you would never offer a poor famished fellow-creature such nauseous stuff, when you can get as much good wholesome beer at any hour of the day as you choose, and besides your ale at dinner, strong stingo on other particular occasions." Some of the servants upon this fought shy and withdrew, yet without discovering who it was. The butler hearing a noise, for Mytton commenced abusing the whole of the men, ordered him off the grounds with threats, and actually sent to Whittington for the constables. Mytton still refused to go, putting up with much ridicule, until the butler imprudently put his hand on his shoulder to push him away, when Mytton let drive at his ribs and sent him reeling, with bellows to mend. One or two of the most conspicuous of those who attempted to seize him, were served in a similar manner. The determined bearing of the sturdy mendicant kept the rest in awe, and they awaited the arrival of their messenger with the expected aid, for though they might have overpowered him, they possibly thought the display of the law's authority would cause him to yield without risk of their own persons. The constables having made their appearance, desired him to surrender in the King's name. They also were received with a rough salutation, and as Mytton found they were loosing the dogs at him, he dashed off to the bear, who soon knew his master. Released from her chains, Nell raised herself on her haunches to defend him. The cudgels of the constables were flourished in the air to no purpose, for Mytton and the bear set all at defiance; and the servants knowing Nell would allow no one to control her but Mytton, soon smelt a rat. Upon Mytton's discovering himself they offered many apologies, and appeared ashamed of their proceedings, especially of the small beer business, which Mytton often reminded the butler of, to his great annoyance. The young footman, who had given him the money, was ever after kindly treated, while he upbraided the rest with their uncharitable conduct. The beggar got the clothes he had exchanged his own for, a good substantial meal, and some silver on his departure.

The tractability of the above bear with Mytton was such that he could almost do anything with her, though she was not to be trusted by strangers. While he could ride her fearlessly into his drawing-room, among his guests, others were in danger from her ferocity, as the following account of her death plainly shows. Nell was drinking up the oil in the lamp-room, one evening, which, whenever she got loose, was her custom, when the dog-feeder was desired to take her out and chain her up. This order Nell did not relish as well as the oil, and on the old man's taking her off, became unruly, seized on and mangled him dreadfully after she had got him down. In all probability he would have been killed, if the footman, with great presence of mind, had not loosed Blucher, a large mastiff, which she instantly turned upon, and gripped so fast that the dog was unable to defend himself. In the scuffle, they got her out into the yard, and Mytton hearing the noise, and what had happened to the dog-feeder, gave orders to kill her. The grooms, stable-boys, &c., with whom she was no favorite, soon flew to the attack with pokers, sticks, and stones. It was upwards of an hour's work to destroy her, for Nell fought fiercely and died game. One of her assailants missing the stroke he aimed at her with a cudgel, got the back sinews of his leg so much injured as to confine him to his room several weeks, and others got minor hurts. The dog-feeder was laid up for three months, but had the satisfaction of knowing that they had laid her at her length on a dung-hill in the farm-yard.

During one harvest season, Mytton went to Jones's, the Queen's Head Inn, at Oswestry, being disguised as a countryman, and begged for work. Jones, who had been well acquainted with him for years, did not recognize him in the assumed character, so well did Mytton personate the countryman. His services were hired by Jones at a stipulated rate per week through the harvesting, and after settling terms, Jones closed the bargain with a quart of strong ale. The newly engaged servant qualified it with brandy. Dose succeeded dose till reason was unseated, and the natural consequences developed themselves. Making some remarks upon the hostess, Jones, who had been engaged in other affairs, was called in, and a pugilistic encounter appeared inevitable. Some persons present, who had been watching Mytton, told Jones who he was, which had the effect of producing numerous apologies for addressing him in an improper way. Mytton, who, by the bye, was not always to be trifled with, as we shall soon show, took it all in good part, for he really was the aggressor, sent for his gig, and getting therein, commenced alternately lashing at and reining up the horse, which reared up so perpendicularly that the back of the gig nearly touched the ground, he then rode off to Halston at a terrific rate. A different termination to the above took place at the Cross Keys public-house in the same place, where a man named Bolas came in while there, who, upon seeing him, from having been treated with some degree of familiarity before, exclaimed,

"Ah! is that you, Johnny?"

Mytton not being in the best of humors, answered, "What do you mean, sir? do you know who you are speaking to?"

Quite unabashed at the implied reproof, the man replied, "Oh! yes, I know Jack."

"Then you'll know me better in future," said Mytton, and instantly floored him, which caused others to be more respectful in addressing him, when it became generally known.

GEORGE IV. IN SCOTLAND.

The king took up his residence during his stay in his northern dominions at Dalkeith Palace, a noble seat of the Buccleuch family, within six miles of Edinburgh; and here his dinner-party almost daily included Sir Walter Scott, who, however, appeared to have derived more deep-felt gratification from his Majesty's kind and paternal attention to his juvenile host (the Duke of Buccleuch was at that time only in his sixteenth year) than from all the flattering condescension he lavished on himself. From Dalkeith the king repaired to Holyrood House two or three times, for the purpose of a levee or drawing room. One Sunday he attended divine service in the cathedral of St. Giles', when the decorum and silence preserved by the multitudes in the street struck him as a most remarkable contrast to the rapturous excitement of his reception on week days; and the scene was not less noticeable in the eyes of Crabbe, who says, in his journal, "The silence of Edinburgh on the Sunday is in itself devout."

Another very splendid day was that of a procession from Holyrood to the Castle, whereof the whole ceremonial had obviously been arranged under Scott's auspices, for the purpose of calling up, as exactly as might be, the time-hallowed observance of "the riding of the parliament." Mr. Peel (then Secretary of State for the Home department) was desirous of witnessing this procession privately, instead of taking a place in it; and he walked up the High street accordingly, in company with Scott, some time before the Royal cavalcade was to get into motion. The poet was as little desirous of attracting notice as the secretary, but he was soon recognised; and his companion, recently revisiting Scotland, expressed his lively remembrance of the enthusiastic veneration with which Scott's person was then greeted by all classes of his countrymen.

The king at his first levee diverted many, and delighted Scott, by appearing in the full Highland garb—the same brilliant *Stewart tartans*, so called, in which, certainly, no Stewart, except Prince Charles, had ever before presented himself in the saloons of Holyrood. His Majesty's Celtic toilette had been carefully watched and assisted by the gallant Laird of Garth, who was not a little proud of the result of his dexterous manipulations of the royal plaid, and pronounced the king "a vera pretty man." And he did look a most stately and imposing person in that beautiful dress; but his satisfaction therein was cruelly disturbed, when he discovered, towering and blazing among and above the genuine Glengarrys and Macleods and MacGregors, a figure, even more portly than his own, equipped, from a sudden impulse of loyal ardor, in an equally-complete set of the self-same conspicuous Stewart tartans:—

> "He caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt—
> While throng'd the chiefs of every Highland clan
> To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman."

In truth, this portentous apparition cast an air of ridicule and caricature over the whole of Sir Walter's Celtified pageantry. A sharp little barbe from Aberdeen, who had previously made acquaintance with the worthy Guildhall baronet, and tasted the turtle soup of his voluptuous yacht, tortured him, as he sailed down the long gallery of Holyrood, by suggesting that, after all, his costume was not quite perfect. Sir William, who had been rigged out, as the auctioneers' advertisements say, "regardless of expense," exclaimed that he must be mistaken—begged he would explain his criticism—and, as he spoke, threw a glance of admiration on a *skene dhu* (black knife), which, like a true "warrior and hunter of deer," he wore stuck into one of his garters. "Oo ay, oo ay," quoth the Aberdonian; "the knife's a' right, mon; but foar's your spoon?"—(where's your spoon?) Such was Scott's story; but whether he "gave it a cocked-hat and walking cane," in the hope of restoring the king's good-humor, so grievously shaken by this heroical *doppel-ganger*, it is not very necessary to inquire.

Lockhart's Life of Scott.

THE CARNABY CORRESPONDENCE.

In Hood's Comic Annual, for 1838, there is a correspondence full of pleasant humor between Master Robert Carnaby and his respected parent. Master Carnaby, who appears to have been both ill-fed and ill-taught, and not to have much faith in the scholastic acquirements of his instructor, writes rather disparagingly of that excellent personage to his sire, and hints at his desire to be removed; for he adds in his letter:—

"Philip Frank says theres a capital school at Richmond, where the Master prmits fishing and boating and cigars and gunpowder and pony chaises for only sixty guinea a-year. I of en think if my poor dear late Mother was alive it is just the genteel sort of School she would like me to be finished off at. But thats as you prefer, and if you will only promise upon your honour to remove me I wont run away. I forgot to say I have very bad head akes and sometimes besides the stomach akes and last week I was up in the nussery for being feverish and spotty, and I had to take antimonious wine but nothing made me sick except the gruel. Precious stuff it is and tastes like slate pencil dust and salt. I was in great hopes it was scarlet fever or something catching that I might be sent home to you."

The poor, perplexed father, upon receipt of this touching epistle, writes immediately to consult his brother. He makes sure of his brother's sympathy.

"You too I noo you will blead at Art for the mizriz of yure pore Nevy But I hop you will hold up under it tho it be as it war a thunderboult on us both."

The brother, however, a retired boatswain, is made of sterner stuff: he determines to visit the Doctor, and examine his pupil, and here is his report:—

"Dear brother, I made this place, named Rumford, yesterday morning, about 10 A.M., and immediately bore away to Socrates House, and asked for my nevy—but you shall have it logged down all fair and square.

"Well, after a haul at the bell, and so forth, I was piloted into a room on the ground tier, by the footman, and a pastry-faced son of a land cook he looked sure enough. Where, as soon as may be, Mrs. Dr. Darby joins company, a tight little body enough, all bobbing up and down with curtseys like the buey at the Nore, and as oily-tongued as any rat in the Greenland Docks. By her own account, she rated a step above Mother to six score of boys, big and little, and every man Jack of them more made of, and set store by than if they had been parts of her own live stock. All which flummery would go down with you and the marines, mayhap, but not with old sailors like me. As for dear Bob, she buttered him both sides, thick and threefold, as the best, sweetest, darlingest, and what not young gentleman of the whole kit, besides finding out a family likeness between him and his uncle, which if it's any feature at all, is all my eye.—Next she inquired after you, the worthiest parent she ever knew, not excepting her own father, whereby I blest my stars you were not within hail, or you would have been flabbergasted in no time, with your eyes running like scuppers, and your common senses on their beam ends. At long and last comes in my Nevy himself, as smooth and shining as a new copper; and whereby says she 'I hope you will excuse untidiness, and so forth, because of sending for him just as he stood.' That's how he came no doubt in his Sundays breeches; besides twigging the wet soap suds in his ears. 'Here's my sweet love,' she sings out—'here's your dear kind uncle so good as to come to inquire after your welfare.'—So dear Bob heaves ahead, and gets a kiss, not from me tho', and a liquorish lozenge for what she called his nasty hack. Nothing however but a colic with parched peas, which he owned afterwards. 'Now, then, Nevy,' says I, 'what cheer—how do you like your berth?' when up jumps madam like a scalded cat, and, no or yes, I must drink the favor of a glass of Sherry. Rank Cape, John, as ever was shipped. Then Master Robert, bless him, must have a leetle glass too, but provided I approve, and a ration of sweet cake. Whereby says she, 'Now I will leave you to your mutual confidence'—as looked all fair and above board enough, if I had not made out a foot near the door. And in the twinkling of a hands,ike in sails Dr. Darby himself, with as many scrapes to me as if I was Port Admiral: and as anxious about my old gout—for I've got an easy shoe for a bunion—as if he'd been intimate with it in my great-grandfather's time. Well we palavered a bit about the French news, and the weather, and the crops, whatever you like, let alone book learning; but that was not my course, so I ran slap aboard him at once with an ask to see the school As I looked for, he was took all aback; however Madam wasn't thrown so dead in the wind, but jumped up to the bell tackle, and after a bit of a whisper with the servant, we got under weigh for the school, but contrived to land somehow in the kitchen, with a long row of quartern loaves drawn up on a dresser to receive us, like a file of marines. Then Madam begins to spin a long yarn about plain food, but plenty of it, for growing youths—dear Bob's very lathy, John, for all that—and then comes the Doctor's turn to open with a preachment on animal foods, and what will digest, and what won't; tho' for my own part I never met with any meat but would do it in time, more or less. So by way of clapping a stopper, I made bold to remind that time is short tho' life is long, and thereby luffing slap up to my Nevy, 'Bob,' says I, 'what's the variation of the compass?' So Master Bob turns it about a bit, and then says he, 'Why, it's one leg shorter than th'other.' Which is about as nigh it, Brother, as you are to Table Bay.—Any how it gave the Doctor a bad fit of coughing, which his wife caught of him as natural as if it had been the hooping sort—at last says she, 'may be Master Robert has not progressed yet into navigation.' 'Maybe not, Ma'am,' says I, 'and so we'll try on another tack—Nevy, what's metaphysics?' 'Brimstone and Treacle,' says Bob, as ready as gunpowder, and the lady looked as satisfied as Bob did—but the doctor had another bad fit, and good reason why, for there's no more physic in metaphysics than a baby might take in its pap. By this time we were going up stairs, but lay to alongside a garden pump on the landing to have a yarn about dowsing glims, and fire guards, and going the rounds at night; and as dear Bob hung astarn, I yawed and let fly at him again with 'What's religion?' 'The colic on Sundays,' says he, as smart as you like;—though what he meant by colic the Old Gentleman knows. However, both the Doctor and Madam pulled a pleasant face at him, and looked as pleased as if he had found out the longitude; but that was too fine weather to last, for, thinks I, in course he can carry on a little further on that board, says I, 'Bob, what's the main-top-gallant rule of Christianity?' 'Six weeks at Caristmas,' says he, as bold as brass from getting encouraged before. So you see, John, he dont know his own persuasion. In course we were all at wry faces again, but the Doctor had the gumption to shove his out of the window, and sing out an order to nobody in the back yard. As for Madam she shot a-head into the sleeping rooms, where I saw half a hundred of white dimity cots, two warming-pans, and nine clothes baskets—Master Robert's berth among the rest. Next we bore away by a long passage to the kitchen again, where two rounds of the boiled beef had been put to officer the quartern loaves, and so through the washery and pot and pannery into the garden ground, where I came in for as long a yarn about the wholesomeness of vegitables and salads as if the whole crew of youngsters had been on the books with the scurvy. From the cabbages we got to the flower beds, and says the Doctor, 'I don't circumscribe, or circumvent, one or t'other; I don't circumvent my pupils to scholastical works, but encourage perusing the book of nature.' 'That's very correct, then, Doctor,' said I, 'and my own sentiment exactly. Nevy, what's Natural Philosophy?' 'Keeping rabbits,' says Bob; which sounds likely enough, but it's not the thing by sixty degrees. I can't say but I felt the cat's paws coming over my temper; but I kept it under till we fetched the paddock, to look at the cows; and that brought up another yarn about milk dieting; and says Madam, 'when summer comes, our Doctor is so good as to permit the young gentlemen to make his hay.' 'No doubt alive Ma'am,' says I; 'saves hands, and good fun too, eh, Nevy?—What's Agriculture?' However, this time dear Bob chose to play sulky, and wouldn't answer good or bad; whereby the Doctor crowds up, with a fresh question. 'Now, then, Master Robert,' says he pretty sharp, 'I will ask you something you know. What is Algebra?' 'Algebra—please, sir,' says Bob, 'it's a wild donkey all over stripes.' 'That's a dear boy,' cries Madam, the more fool she; but old Darby looked as black as thunder at midnight. 'I am afraid,' says he, letting go the topsails, as one may say, of his eyebrows; 'I am afraid there has been a little slackness here with the cat; but, by your leave, sir, and so forth, I will investigate a little into it myself.' Now, Master Robert, take a pull at your mental tackle, for I'm going to overhaul your Mathematics—How do you describe a triangle?' 'Please sir,' says Bob, it's the thing that tingle tingles to the big drum.' Well there was the devil to pay again, and no pitch hot! Old Darby looked as if he meant either to drop down dead on the spot, of apoplexy, or to murder dear Bob. Then came my turn, so I asked who was the discoverer of America? and may I never break biscuit again if he didn't say 'Yankee Doodle.' Well, to cut off the end of a long yarn, I prepared a broadside, with a volley of oaths to it, by way of a small arm; but before I could bring it to bear, the Doctor hauls out his watch, and, says he, it's extremely bad luck, but there's a voting this morning for a parish beadle, and I make a point not to let my private duties get to windward of my public ones.' So saying, with a half-and-half sort of a bow to me, he cut and run; Madam getting athwart hawse so as to cover his getting off. In course it was no use to waste speech upon her; but I made bold to damn the whole convoy of under masters, in the lump, as a set of the sharkingest, loggerheaded, flute-playing, skulking, lubberly sons of grinning weavers and tailors that ever broke bread. So the finish over all is, that I took my nevy away, traps and all."

Something very pecooliar.—No less than fourteen rum 'uns were discovered by a watchman, in New York, one night last week, very comfortably filling themselves from a cask of annised cordial on one of the wharves. Each of the rogues were imbibing the soft liquid through a straw or suckers. One of them named Fountain, having suddenly become full, and not being able to run off, had his quality tested by Justice Lowndes, and was pronounced by that experienced Judge to be in an unfit state to be let off, and was sent by him to taint the air of Bridewell for four months.

Dr. M—— being sent for by a maker of universal specifics, grand salutarians &c., up Broadway, expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently trifling. "Not so trifling neither," replied the quack, "for, to tell the truth, I have, by mistake, taken some of my own pills."

SWEEPSTAKES—Mount Pleasant, Tenn.

SWEEPSTAKES, to be run over the Maury County Race Course, at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., on the day before the Jockey Club Fall Races of 1839, sub. $50, P.P. One mile out. Four or more to make a race. Free for colts and fillies of any horses that stood in Giles and Maury Counties in the year 1836; colts to be foaled in 1837. Now closed.

Willis H. Bodie names b. f. by Baltimalon, dam by Pinner.
John S. Willis names ch. f by Wilcox's Rattler, out of Susan Beasley.
Alvis William s names b. — by Baltimalon, dam by Diomed.
W. C. Newsom names b. f. by Andrew Jackson, dam by Roebuck.

2. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant, Maury Co., Tenn., Course, on the day before the Fall meeting of 1839; sub. $200, p.p.; free for colts and fillies then 3 years old; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race; to close on the 1st Dec. 1837.

Henry Smith names ch. c Allen Brown, by Stockholder, dam by Imp. Eagle.
James H. Webster names ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Bertrand.

3. Sweep-takes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the day before the Fall meeting of 1840; sub $100, p.p.; for a Service of Plate, value $600; for colts and fillies dropt in 1837; Two mile heats. Now closed.

L. J. & R. K. Polk name Esther Wake, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Stockholder.
M. L. Pellow names produce of Julia and Merman.
Henry Smith names b. f. Mary Routh, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Anvilina.
W. H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
Randolph Skinner names b. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Stockholder.
Samuel Mitchell names b. f. by Saxe Weimar, out of Fanny Gibbon.
Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
George Elliott names ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
We agree to go an inside stake of $500, p.p. in or with our entries.
Willis H. Bodie, Henry Smith, Nicholas Davis.

4. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the first day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p., free for the produce of any mare; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat; 4 or more to make a race.

Willis H. Bodie names produce of his old Wonder mare and Imp. Leviathan.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Mary Davis and Stockholder.
John L. Grainger names produce of Julia (by Conqueror) and Imp. Luzborough.
Henry Smith names produce of Anvilina and Imp. Luzborough.
Samuel Ragland names produce of his Sir Archie mare and Imp. Glencoe.

5. Sweepstakes to be run over the Mount Pleasant Course, Maury Co., Tenn., on the 2d day of the Spring races of 1841; sub. $200, p.p., free for the produce of any mare that has never had a colt; the colt to be foaled in 1838; Two miles and repeat.

W. H. Bodie names produce of Cloe Ewing and Imp. Leviathan.
Samuel H. Wortham names produce of ch. m. Maria and O'Kelly.
Thomas Goodrum names produce of Gray Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Thomas A. Pankey names produce of Sarah Davis and Bertrand.
John W. Bynum names produce of Knowledge by Strap, and Imp. Margrave.
Robert Smith names produce of Mary Smith and Imp. Leviathan.
William F. Roberts names produce of gr. m. by Madison and Imp. Leviathan. [n4]

SWEEPSTAKES—NASHVILLE, Tenn.

WE, the Subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstake race, Two mile heats, sub. $100, p.p., over the Nashville, Tenn. Course, in the Fall of 1839, on the Monday preceding the regular Club Races, over the said course, with colts and fillies then 3 years old; to be subject to Rules and Regulations of said course. Now closed.

Arnold Russell names b. c. John Pleasants, by Old Rattler, out of Arimanta by Jerry.
Wm. G Harding names b. c. Alpha, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet by Kosciusko.
Thos. Gale names b. c. by Cock of the Rock, dam by Andrew Jackson.
Charles Bossley names gr. c. by Pacific, dam by Sir Richard.
Wilson & Nichol names gr. f. by O'Kelly, dam by Pacific.
Stokeley Donelson names Lily, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Hal.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, on the Monday of the week of the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839. Two mile heats, sub. $500, ft. $200, for colts and fillies then 3 years old. The Rules of said Jockey Club to govern. To name and close on or by the 17th Oct. 1837. Three or more to make a race. The winner to give a piece of plate valued at $1000, for another race; the time and the distance to be decided by a majority of the undersigned, the entrance to which will be $100, p.p., to form a purse for the second best in the race.

Hugh Kirkman names b. c. Onalaska, by Imp. Leviathan, own brother to Wacousta.
L. P. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Proscrpine's dam.
Henry Baldwin, jun. names b. c. Edisborough, by Imp. Luzborough, d. Betsey Bateman.
Wm. W. Gift names s. c. George Poindexter, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archie.
D. Hardiman names gr. f. by O'Kelly, out of Shawnee Squaw by Shawnee.
A. J. Donelson names ch. c. by Membrino, out of Bellessima by Imp. Strep.
John S. Bryant names s. f. Corolet, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab.
Head & Wooden names s. c. by Old Rattler, out of Magnolia by Mons. Tonson.
G. W. Cheatham names br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Charles.
N. Davis names b. c. Bissexitile, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Kitty Clover.
Samuel Ragland names ——.
Livingston Leavell names s. c. by Imp. Leviathan out of Parasol by Tiger.
James M. Merman names b. c. Attila, by Imp. Luzboro. out of Kate Bivens by Conqueror.
A. B. Nerrsom names br. c. Tom Leefe, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Top Gallant.
Balie Peyton names ch. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Oscar.
James Jackson names s. f. Mango (Imp.) by Taurus, out of Pickle by Emilius.
" " " gr. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Galopade by Catton.
James Kirkman names b. c. Ridgeworth (Imp.) by Emilius, out of Eliza by Rubens.

CRITERION STAKES.—We, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake race over the Nashville Jockey Club Course, for 4 year olds the Spring of 1841. Four mile heats, sub $1000, ft. $250, 6 or more to make a race. Each gentleman entering to name the color of the colt or filly, and likewise the sire and dam. The race to be run on the 3d Wednesday in May, 1841; the present Rules of said course to govern, and the entries to close on the 1st July, 1838. If man or horse die, he is exempt from the above obligation.

Henry A. Clay names ch. f. by Imp. Margrave, out of Lady Alert.
L. P. Cheatham names ch. c. by Imp. Merman, out of Kitty Ann by Ogle's Oscar.
John Radick names br. c. by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Anna Maria by Imp. Truffle.
Balie Peyton names ——.
A. Russell names ——.
Thomas Kirkman names b. f. Sissy, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Imp. Gutty.
Head & Wooden names s. c. Outrage, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Mons. Tonson.
George Elliott names ——.
Hugh Kirkman names ——.
Alexander Barrow names ——.
Samuel Ragland names ——. •21]

SWEEPSTAKES,
Over the Pharsalia Course, near Natchez, Miss.

No. 2. For 3 yr. olds, Two mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250—Tuesday of the week previous to the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club in 1838.

1. Thos. J. Wells names Longitude, by Leviathan, out of Harriet, by Sir Archie.
2. " " " Jane Elliot, by Leviathan, dam by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names br. c. Doncaster (imp.) by Longwaist—Lady Ern, by Muley.
4. " " " br. f. Britannia (imp.), by Muley—Nancy, Longwaist's dam.
5. A. L. Bingaman names s. c. Tishimingo, by Leviathan—Lilac's dam, by Sir Archie.
6. E. Elliot & Co. name b. f. Catherine, by Leviathan—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
7. J. Duncan & J. W. Withers name ch. f. Own Sister to Linnet. [Closed.]

No. 3. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $200, ft. $100. Second Saturday in Nov. 1838.

F. L. Claiborne names s. c. Red Jacket, by Rattler—Wild Gazelle, by Sir William.
A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Pacific—Miss Bailey—Imp. Boaster.
W. J. Minor names s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.
" " " s. c. Native, by the Saddler—Imp. Novelty, by Blacklock.
5. A. L. Bingaman names b. f. by Bertrand—Sister to Remus, by Pacolet.
6. F. L. Claiborne names b. f. Seminola, by Tranby—Medley Mare.
7. A. L. Bingaman names gr. f. by O'Kelly—Lucy Brooks, by Bertrand.
8. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.—[Closed.]

No. 4. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $1000, ft. $250. Second Saturday in Dec. 1838.

1. J. B. Pryor names produce of Tochechana and Leviathan.
2. W. J. Minor names s. c. Native, produce of Novelty and The Saddler.
3. " " " b. c. Glennara, produce of Neil Gwynn and Rowton.
4. S. D. Elliot names produce of Miss Bailey and Pacific.
5. F. L. Claiborne names produce of Medley Mare and Tranby.
6. A. L. Bingaman names produce of Chuckaluck and Bertrand.
7. W. H. Chambers names produce of Kate Plowden and Bertrand.
8. M. E. Boyles names produce of Ad. Jackson's dam and Luzborough.
9. " " " produce of Jenny Deavers and Luzborough. [Closed.]

No. 5. Mile heats, sub. $1000, ft. $250. Monday preceding the Spring meeting of the Natchez Jockey Club, 1839.

1. A. L. Bingaman names f. foal, by Bertrand—Madge Wild Fire.
2. O. Claiborne " " " " Lisbon Maid.
3. L. Cock " " " " Sally Nailer. [Closed.]

Dec. 9th, 1836.

No. 6. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $500, ft. $200. Second Tuesday in Nov. 1839.

1. W. J. Minor names gr. c. Garrick, by Longwaist—Jane Grey.
2. A. L. Bingaman names br. c. by Leviathan—Chuckforbita, by Bertrand.
3. " " " b. f. Nahusa, by Leviathan—Own Sister to Betsey Malone.
4. Osmun Claiborne names b. c. by Leviathan—Energy, by Stockholder.
5. " " " gr. c. by Leviathan—Primrose, by Sir Henry Tonson.
6. W. J. Minor names ——.

To close on the 1st of May, 1838. Gentlemen wishing to enter in this stake will please enclose their nominations (post paid) to John Routh, Esq. Natchez.

No. 7. For 2 yr. olds, Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100. First Saturday in Nov. 1838.

1. R. C. Evans names s. f. by Longwaist—Phœbe, by Bertrand.
2. A. L. Bingaman names g. c. by Medley—Fortuna, by Pacolet.
3. W. J. Minor names b. f. by Longwaist—Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand.
4. " " " s. f. Garcia, by Longwaist—Jane Grey, by Orphan Boy.

Closes on the 1st of Jan. 1838. Nominations directed as above. N. B. This Stake is free only for colts and fillies got by stallions that stood in Mississippi or Louisiana.

Pharsalia Course, Natchez, Miss., July 5, 1837.—[Ju22] A. G. McNULTY, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE, Va.

A PRODUCE STAKE for colts and fillies foaled Spring of 1838, to run Spring of 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200; Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan., 1838. Now 25 subs.

A Sweepstakes is now open to be run over the Mulberry Course Spring of 1838, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st April, 1838. Now several subs.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries will address

[n18-tiJ] J. H. OLIVER, *Lynchburg, Va.*

WESTERN COURSE—COLUMBUS, Ga.

THE Races over the above course will commence on Tuesday, 27th Feb. next, when the following purses will be offered:—

First day—Mile heats, Purse..... $400
Second day—Two mile heats..... 500
Third day—Three mile heats 700
Fourth day—Four mile heats..... 1000
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5..... 400

On the day preceding the regular races there will be run a Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Nine subs. and closed.

[J6] M. W. THWEATT, *Sec'y.*

CARLTON HOUSE,

NO. 350 and 352 Broadway, (fronting on Broadway, Leonard, and Benson streets.)—The subscriber (late proprietor of the American Hotel) offers his grateful acknowledgments to his friends throughout the country, for their patronage at that hotel, and respectfully announces to them that he has been entrusted with the above large and extensive establishment (recently erected by Joshua Walker, Esq.) which will be open for the reception of company on the 1st of Jan. It is admirably calculated to afford to visitors who reside a few weeks in the city, an agreeable and retired home; and may be regarded from its commanding and elevated position, as the most salubrious, central, and eligible public residence in the city; it will conducted with a strict regard to the usages and habits of private life, combining order and comfort in every department.

A Coffee Room will be prepared by the middle of February, for the accommodation of gentlemen who prefer that mode of living; and chambers on the upper floor will be disposed of with or without board. Extensive accommodations will be reserved for families. Public tables will be served up daily at half-past 3 and 5 o'clock throughout the year.

The prices for Board, Lodging Fires, &c., will be found on the Regulations of the House, and the terms, it is confidently believed, will meet the approbation of all.

The Tables, Wines, and other accommodations of the House, will not be surpassed by any other hotel in the United States; and the personal exertions of the subscriber will be unceasingly directed to the comfort of those who visit the establishment

New York, Dec. 18, 1837. [J6-6t] EDWARD MILFORD.

SWEEPSTAKES—St. Louis, Mo.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Sulphur Springs Course, St. Louis, Mo.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 4 subs.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 4 subs.

4. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $700, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.

5. Sweepstakes for 1 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, h. ft., Three mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 5 subs.

7. Produce Stakes for then 2 year olds, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 18 subs.

St. Louis, (Mo.) Nov. 1837. [d2] P. C. BUSH, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES, HAMPTON COURSE, GEORGIA.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at their regular annual meetings.

In all cases where there is a privilege of declaring off, the loser forfeit must be paid to the Treasurer of the Club as much as two weeks previous to the race, or the party entering will be bound for the larger forfeit. The Club will appoint the day of running. When there are more than one Sweepstakes to be run at the same meeting, there shall be two days intervene, in order to enable gentlemen to run the same colt in both Stakes. The shorter race shall come off first. The death of the colt, or the decease of its owner, cancels the entry. An entry may be changed before the day of closing, and all entries must be made before that day. An entry mailed within that time, with the Postmaster's stamp or certificate, shall be deemed valid.

NOW OPEN.

Sweepstakes for 1839-40.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. John P. C. Whitehead names ch. f. Andrew Anna, by Andrew, dam by Sir Walter.
2. John G. Winter names b. c. Billy Harris, by Tonson, dam by Ariel.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1836; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

Sweepstakes for 1840-41.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; five or more to make a race. To name and close *before* 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $500, ft. 250, declaration $75; five or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. J. G. Guignard enters produce of Empress, by Henry—colt by Rowton.

For colts and fillies foaled in 1837; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100, four or more to make a race. To name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton enters produce of Fanny, imp., by Magistrate—colt by Rowton.

Sweepstakes for 1841-42.

1st. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $250, ft. $125, declaration $50; to name and close before 1st Jan. 1838. Mile heats.

2d. Ent. $500, ft. $250, declaration $75.

3d. For colts and fillies foaled in 1838; ent. $1000, ft. $500, declaration $100; to name and close on or before 1st Jan. 1838. Two mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Col. W. Hampton names produce of Bay Maria, by Eclipse—Colt by Rowton.
2. " " " Augusta, by Crusader—Colt by Rowton.

Stallion Stakes. Foals of 1838.

Entrance $1000, ft. $500, declaration $250. To name and close on or before 1st April, 1839. To come off 1841. Three or more entries to make a race.

SUBSCRIBER.

1. Col. W. Hampton names the get of Rowton. [A1]

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump."

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1838, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837; Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs. [d23] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE out of *Sally Slouch*, by Virginian, 6 years old this Spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

FAST TROTTERS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, a very fine SORREL GELDING, 7 years old, 16 hands high, kind in harness, and very fast. He has never been trained, but can do his mile in 3:05. Also a BAY MARE, 6 years old, a beautiful creature, perfectly sound; she is handsome and very fast. The gelding may be seen for a few days at Bellows Stables, No. 22 Leonard-street, near Hudson, and the mare may be seen at the owner's residence in Newburg. Both will be sold at a bargain, if applied for immediately. Application may be made to the Editor of this paper, 157 Broadway. [o23]

MEDLEY COLT FOR SALE.

A GREY COLT, by Medley, of first rate pedigree, fine form and size, and now two years old. For terms apply to the Editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [m27]

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d]17

RIFLE TACTICS.

THIS is the title of a book recently published in this city, 72 pages, 18vo. The work is well calculated to answer the purpose for which it is intended, and every man belonging to a rifle corps should be possessed of one. Price by the dozen 31¼ cents, and can be had at this office, 157 Broadway. [m13.

DOCTOR CALDWELL

HAS REMOVED from Franklin, to 58 Walker-street, the residence of the late Dr. Busbee, where he will continue his practice as an operative Surgeon and Accoucheur. [J10]

THEATRICAL NOTICE.

R. RUSSELL, the Manager of the New Orleans, Natchez, and the Louisville Theatres, can be seen between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock of each day, at No. 9 Chatham-st. upstairs, opposite the Park. In the absence of the subscriber, Mr. Thomas C. Graham, Treasurer of the above establishments, will be in attendance, to transact all business, &c.

None need apply but individuals of acknowledged talent.

iv22 RICHARD RUSSELL.

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by

[Ap12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-st.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,
The Largest and Cheapest Publication in the United States,

NOW PUBLISHING IN MONTHLY NUMBERS,

EDITED BY WILLIAM E. BURTON, PHILADELPHIA.

THE proprietors have much pleasure in announcing to the reading public the complete success which has attended the establishment of this Magazine—a success far beyond their utmost expectations, and considerably exceeding the prosperity of any other publication in America. The daily increasing subscription list, and the numerous complimentary notices of the Press, attest the merits and the popularity of the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, each number of which contains *more Original Matter than any other Monthly Publication in the United States.*

The Contents embrace a fertile range of Amusing and Instructive Subjects, by authors of celebrity:—

Original Tales of Powerful Interest.

Humorous and Graphic Delineations of Men and Manners.

Novel Sketches of Foreign Lands; Poetry; Characteristic Studies; Essays on Popular Subjects, and Biographical notices of Celebrated or Eccentric Persons: with many Original Anecdotes.

The Lives of Paganini (with likenesses); Prince Pueckler Muskau; Dickens, (Boz), the author of the Pickwick Papers, with a likeness; Dr. John Faust, the Sorcerer; The Duchess of St. Albans, and Zingha, the Negro Queen, have already been given.

The New Publications are reviewed in full; liberal extracts are made from rare and valuable works—presenting a complete account of the Popular *Literature of the Day.*

An Original Copyright Song, not otherwise to be obtained, will be given, with the Music, every Number.

The Gentleman's Magazine contains Seventy-two extra-sized Octavo pages, of two columns each, forming at the close of the year, *Two Large Volumes of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty-eight Columns—each Column contains more than an Octavo Page of average proportion, and each Monthly Number has more reading matter than a Volume of a Novel.* The work is neatly printed, on good paper, and stitched in a neat colored cover. Several Engravings will be given in the course of the year, and the proprietors pledge themselves to produce an agreeable book—an epitome of Life's adjunctives—a Literary Melange, possessing variety to suit all palates, and sufficient interest to command a place upon the parlor table of every Gentleman in the United States.

An Engraved Title Page, of superior production, embracing every possible variety of Pictorial Display, and executed in the first style of art, by J. A. Adams, of New York, accompanies the October Number.

TERMS.

Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

To induce subscribers to forward their names immediately, the publisher begs leave to offer the following extra inducements for Clubbing, the advantages of which proposition can only remain in force till Christmas next. The subscription to the Gentleman's Magazine will, for a single copy, be invariably Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance—but a Five Dollar Bill will produce Two Copies to the same direction, or a Club of Ten Dollars will command Five Copies. [o28]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - Hampton Course, Annual Jockey Club Races, 1st week in Feb.
BALTIMORE, Md. - - - Kendall Course. Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th May.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - Western Course, Spring Races, last Tuesday, 27th Feb.
CHARLESTON, S. C. - Jockey Club Races, 3d Saturday, 17th Feb.
MONTGOMERY, Ala. - - Jockey Club Races, 29th Jan.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - Match,—heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn. vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 2 m.h., for 500 Bales Cotton, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May, 1838.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SWEEPING, and othe MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

BERTRAND, by Archie, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford, will stand at James Lindsay's, four miles from Lexington, Ky, at $100.

ENGINE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, will stand at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, at $30 the season, and $50 to insure.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, will stand at Col. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, below Columbia, S. C., at $75 the season and $120 to insure.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trumpoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, will stand at Lagrange, Troup Co., Georgia. Particulars in due time ALBERT A. JETER.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by American Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, will stand at Cooper's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel, will stand at Augusta, Ga, at $50 the season. JOHN MORRISON.

ROWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. Merritt, near Hicksford, Va.

ST. GILES, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Ascot Lass by Ardrossan, will stand at the stable of James Jackson, near Florence, Ala., at $60, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at Parker E. Todhunter's, Esq. Jessamine Co., Ky., at $100. Mares kept during the season free of charge.

TRISTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John H. Snedeker, near the Union Course, L. I.

Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Three Dollars. No charge will be made, however, to those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail in our columns.

BREEDING, TRAINING, &c.

Though much has been written on the subject of raising blood stock, yet I am induced to believe that it is a matter not yet well understood, or perhaps I should speak more correctly in saying, that the essays hitherto appearing in the Register, seem rather like arguments to establish some favorite theory, than an earnest solicitude to arrive at just conclusions.

It may not be amiss to take a view of the English mode of breeding and raising the blood horse; the uses to which he is there applied, and the result of their practice, with its effect on the form and character of their horses.

In no country of which we have any authentic history has the blood horse been so extensively bred, or the same expense and attention used to rear a perfect animal or develope his powers—hence the great value of the English horses and their acknowledged superiority to all others on the continent of Europe.

It is known to all persons conversant with the history of the English race-horse, that those selected for the stud are the exclusive descendants of the Eastern horse—either Barbs, Turks or Arabians; but it is now as universally held by far the greatest portion of the English breeders, that the union of those bloods, judiciously crossed, raised with great care and attention, has produced an animal greatly superior to any or all those Eastern horses, and that at this time no farther improvement can be expected from the importation of such horses.

Now, it is true, no Eastern horse has of late years succeeded as a stallion in England, but it is only fair to remark, that Arabian horses are few in number compared with the native stallions; that some of the most influential and wealthy breeders had valuable studs of their own, and were influenced to prevent the patronage of the Eastern horses—in this way they have had but few well-bred mares, therefore little chance of distinguishing themselves, and I have no hesitation in believing, that if the Godolphin Arabian were now just landed in England, he would remain a teaser the balance of his days.

Of the breeding studs in England, that of his majesty, William the Fourth, was deservedly considered first. There was in England, it is true, other studs as numerous, and some that had as fine mares in them, but not one had as many blood mares of the highest reputation, while the arrangements of paddocks and stables was upon the most approved plan; nothing could exceed the attention and care of Mr. Worly, who had the general superintendence of the Hampton Court breeding stud.

It was the custom of the king to order a sale of his yearlings every Spring, in the month of May, and no trouble or expense was spared to promote their growth or condition up to that time, and for that purpose the mares were kept in paddocks abounding in the richest grass, and daily fed with the heaviest oats and sweetest hay that could be purchased, insuring health and condition to the mares, to promote the growth of the foals. If, however, under all these favorable circumstances a colt did not thrive and grow according to expectation, he was sought to eat, and the milk of a cow with oat meal stirred in it, allowed them—this promoted so greatly their growth and appearance, that at the annual sale they looked more like two than one year olds.

These colts, from their fashionable breeding and great promise, command high prices under the exciting influence of an auction sale; they are purchased by gentlemen of fortune, who have the utmost attention bestowed on them until the ensuing Fall, when they are taken up for a light training—that is at 18 or 20 months old, then broken in and galloped so as to make a trial and ascertain their speed; the nominations for the great stakes taking place about the first of January, before the colts are two years old. The colts are then rested a few weeks, and those having Spring engagements go regularly to work in February. Thus it may be said that the racehorse in England begins his labors at 18 or 20 months, and rarely has what we term a regular rest and turn out until he is entirely withdrawn from the turf.

This system of breeding has had great influence on both the form and qualities of the English blood horse—his size, or perhaps his height has been much increased, without any diminution of his blood-like appearance, but he has lost that full round carcase and compact form which belonged to the horses of the olden time—and if as they now believe have increased the speed, stride and capacity to carry weight for short single heat races, they have not increased their powers of endurance or enabled them to run long repeating races at short intervals

In corroboration of the above opinion, the three best colts that came out in '36, as an evidence—these all did too much at three years old, and are now off the turf at four, when under proper and different treatment they would have scarcely reached their prime.

Bay Middleton, bred by Lord Jersey, was thought to be one of the best three year olds ever bred in the kingdom, he is a horse of great size, being upwards of 16 hands. At three years old he was entirely too fast for all the horses of his year at any and at high weights, but his owner had the prudence to run him only short races and single heats, he started eight times, always a winner, and his longest race one mile and a half; this horse left the turf the Spring he was four, not in condition to make even a single race. I reserve for some future number an examination of the causes that could have ruined a horse at three years old who was only short races and won them so easily.

Elis, the property of Lord Lichfield, is a horse of the same age, he ran second to Bay Middleton in several stakes, won the St. Leger, and was deemed the second horse of his year. Elis is a horse of good size, about fifteen hands and two inches high at three years old, won four times, and divided one stake with Mr. Wages—he made one good race the Spring he was four years old, and then failed in his foreleg, and was withdrawn from the turf. All his races were single heats, and those won by him were all under two miles, yet he was a colt, in the language of the turf, when he gave way.

Scroison, Mr. Day's, by Partizan, a colt of the same age, a smaller horse than either, was not considered equal to either of the others, yet in my opinion had they run in this country he would have had, and deservedly too, a much higher reputation than either of them. He was out fourteen times, and a winner twelve, at all distances now run in England, some of them repeating races against all ages for the king's plates. He won all his repeating races, and those two were won by Touchstone and Bay Middleton, two of the best horses in England, short distances, and when they were fresh compared with him, as he not only can oftener than any of his rivals, but long repeating races at high weights. He ran a few races the Spring he was four years old, when his legs entirely failed.

From all this, I conclude that the English mode of breeding and training, has the effect of early developing the form and powers of the racehorse, but does not increase their durability or game—hence the small number of aged or over five years old horses now on the English turf. It may be well in some future number to examine the probable effects of such a course of treatment on the improvement or injury to the form and value of the horse, and at the same time discuss the policy in a pecuniary point of view to the breeder, from the early maturity of his stock. A.

From the American Turf Register, for Jan., 1838.

Carving.—"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-wise?" said a gentleman. "No," said one of his guests, "cut it bridle-wise, and then I may chance to get a bit in my mouth."

THE TWO JOHNSONS.

Early in the Fall of '93, two boys by the name of Johnson, the one 12, and the other 9 years of age, were playing on the banks of Short creek, near the mouth of the Muskingum, and occasionally skipping stones into the water. At a distance, they saw two men, dressed like ordinary settlers, in hats and coats, who gradually approached them, and from time to time threw stones into the water, in imitation of the children. At length, when within 100 yards of the boys, they suddenly threw off their masks, and rushing rapidly upon them, took them prisoners. They proved to be Indians of the Delaware tribe. Taking the children in their arms, they ran hastily into the woods; and after a rapid march of about six miles, they encamped for the night. Having kindled a fire, and laying their rifles and tomahawks against a tree, they lay down to rest, each with a boy in his arms. The children, as may be readily supposed, were too much agitated to sleep. The eldest at length began to move his limbs cautiously, and finding that the Indian who held him remained fast asleep, he gradually disengaged himself from his arms, and walked to the fire, which had burnt low. He remained several minutes in suspense of what was to be done. Having stirred the fire, and ascertained the exact position of the enemies' arms, he whispered softly to his brother to imitate his example, and if possible to extricate himself from his keeper. The little boy did as his brother directed, and both stood irresolute around the fire. At length the oldest, who was of a very resolute disposition, proposed they should kill the sleeping Indians, and return home. The eldest pointed at one of the guns, and assured his brother if he would only pull the trigger of that gun after he had placed it to rest, he would answer for the other Indian. The plan was agreed upon. The rifle was levelled, with the muzzle resting on a log, which lay near; and having stationed his little brother at the breech, with positive orders not to touch the trigger until he gave the word. He then seized the tomahawk, and advanced cautiously to the sleeper.—Such was the agitation of the younger brother, however, that he touched the trigger too soon, and the report of his gun awakened the other Indian before his brother was quite prepared. He struck the blow, however, with firmness, although in the hurry of the act, it was done with the blunt part of the hatchet, and only stunned his antagonist. Quickly repeating the blow, however, with the edge, he inflicted a deep wound upon the Indian's head, and after repeated strokes, left him lifeless upon the spot.

The other, frightened at the explosion of his own gun, had already taken to his scrapers, and with much difficulty was overtaken by his brother. Having regained the road by which they had advanced, the elder fixed his hat upon a bush, to mark the spot, and by daylight they regained their homes. They found their mother in an agony of grief for their loss, and ignorant whether they had been drowned, or taken by the Indians. Their tale was heard with astonishment, not unmingled with incredulity, and a few of the neighbors insisted upon accompanying them to the spot where so extraordinary a rencontre had occurred. The place was soon found, and the truth of the boys' story placed beyond a doubt. The tomahawked Indian lay in his blood where he fell, but the one who had been shot was not to be found. A broad trail of blood, however, enabled them to track his footsteps, and he was at length overtaken. His under jaw had been entirely shot away, and his hands and breast were covered with clotted blood. Though very much exhausted, he still kept his pursuers at bay, and faced them from time to time, with an air of determined resolution. Either his gory appearance, or the apprehension that more were in the neighborhood, had such an effect upon his pursuers, that, notwithstanding their numbers, yet he was permitted to escape. Whether he survived, or perished in the wilderness, could not be ascertained; but from the severity of the wound, the latter supposition is most probable.

JEWELLERY AND THE CANINE FANCY.

In the Bail Court on Tuesday, an action was brought by Mr. M'Phail, the jeweller in Regent-street, against Mr. Calvert Browning, an attorney, to recover the value of certain expensive articles of jewellery, as well as 25 guineas for a dog of the real King Charles's breed. William Jebb, servant to the plaintiff, proved the sale and delivery of the articles named in the plaintiff's account, among which were the following:—A massive gold guard-chain, richly chased, 20 guineas; twenty coat buttons, beautifully chased, 5*l.*; six waistcoat buttons, 1*l.* 10s.; a gold eye-glass, 2*l.* 10s.; an elegantly chased dog's collar, of the richest workmanship, 4*l.* 10s.; Fanny, a beautiful dog of the real King Charles' breed, 25 guineas, and several other articles, amounting altogether to 109*l.*—Witness said he considered all the charges were fair and reasonable. Considerable amusement was excited by the description plaintiff gave of his own articles in his account. Every article was of the "most exquisite workmanship," "elegant pattern," &c.

Mr. Knowles.—Do you consider the dog was worth twenty-five guineas?

Witness.—Oh, dear, yes, sir; she had such beautiful long ears; why, sir, we have 'em as high as 100 guineas, some as low as 80. We sold one only last week for 40 guineas, and the lady who bought it was quite pleased with her bargain, and it was a beautiful creature for the money, I assure you—[loud laughter.]

Mr. Justice Littledale.—Do you really find people who pay you those prices?

Witness—Oh, yes. Why the defendant wanted this dog as a present to a lady, and he ordered a collar to be made for it to set it off, as he said, to the best advantage. The collar cost 4*l.* 10s.; it's charged in the bill—[laughter].

Mr. Justice Littledale.—I wonder the defendant has not instructed some one to appear for him to endeavor to reduce the amount of some of these charges.—However, the jury will decide whether they are fair and reasonable.

Mr. Knowles.—The defendant is in the Queen's Bench prison, so that we shall not benefit much by the verdict. We have received money on account, which reduces the balance to 79*l.*

Mr. Justice Littledale summed up the evidence, and after handing the plaintiff's bill to the jury, told them it was for them to decide as to the fairness and reasonableness of the plaintiff's charges. The jury after a short consultation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 79*l.* being the whole amount claimed.

FOR SALE.

MANALOPAN, a grey colt, 4 years old, by Medley, dam by John Richards, and a distinguished winner. Price $1500, if applied for before the 1st of March. He is now in training in the stable of Joseph H. Van Mater. [J20-tf.]

A MAIN OF COCKS

WILL be fought on Thursday, the 1st of Feb. next, near Frederick, Md. To show fifteen cocks for $50 a battle, and $500 the odd battle. And at the same time two Shake Bag fights for $500 a battle, Virginia vs. Maryland.

Frederick City, Md., Jan. 14, 1838. [J20-2t.]

PENNOYER

WILL STAND this season at Augusta, Ga., at $50. He is out of the celebrated race mare Ariel, and got by Henry; for further particulars as to sire and dam see Turf Register. He is 4 years old this Spring, a dark bay, 15¼ hands high, well proportioned, and very handsome. The reason of his not figuring on the turf is, that he received, when a two year old, a severe kick on his right fore leg, which caused a large knee; his owner has taken every pains to remove it, but has not succeeded, so has to stand him.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 4, 1838. [J20] JOHN MORRISON.

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1838 will take place over this course the Second Tuesday, 8th May. The following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course, spring of 1838.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, then 3 years old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Mile heats. To close 1st March. Now six subs.

Richard N. Snowden, of Maryland.	James M. Selden, of Maryland.
Edmund Townes, of North Carolina.	William Wynn, of Virginia.
James S. Garrison, of Virginia.	David Toms, of Pennsylvania.

Several other entries promised.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft.; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring 1837, to run spring 1840; Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100; to close 1st June next. Now 9 subs. and many others promised, which will make this a very interesting race.

Hector Bell, of Virginia.	Wm. R. Johnson, of Virginia.
George L. Stockett, of Maryland.	Charles Green, of New York.
Edmund Townes, of North Carolina.	John Heth, of Virginia.
James B. Kendall, of Maryland.	Thos. Emory, of Maryland.
John L. Baltzer, of Washington city	

The following stakes is also proposed by particular desire of a number of friends to the turf, as likely to be a very interesting stake.

A sweepstakes for 4 year olds, to run spring meeting, 1838, Two mile heats, sub. $300, ft. $100; 3 or more to make a race, to name and close 1st April.

Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes will please address the Proprietor at Baltimore.

As the result of the last fall races has clearly demonstrated that the Maryland stock of horses is equal to any other—none of the purses will be confined to Maryland bred horses, but free for all, unless positively objected to by the Club.

[J13] JAMES B. KENDALL. *Proprietor of the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.*

MINGO

WILL STAND the ensuing season at Cooper's Ferry, Camden, N. J., the season to commence the 15th of Feb., and terminate the 1st July, 1838. Mr. William Cooper, who resides in the immediate vicinity of the proposed stand, will furnish abundance of pasture, of the best kind, for mares from a distance; and oats and hay, if desired, will be provided at the market prices, and suitable accommodations for persons who may be sent in charge of the mares. Every attention and care will be given to guard against accidents and escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping, and that for the service of the horse, to be paid before the removal of the mares, and within the season.

A memoir of Mingo will be published shortly.

The reception of short pedigrees, with mares sent to him, will be very acceptable.

[d30-1t] C. IRVINE.

VALUABLE BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

ON the 24th Jan. 1838, at the residence of the late Daniel Dugger, deceased, in the County of Brunswick, and State of Virginia, 3 miles north of the Court House, will be sold all his Blooded Stock, consisting of

Maria West, by Marion, dam by Citizen.	
Polly Peacham, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance.	
F. by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham,	3 yrs.
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian,	3
C. by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Archie,	3
C. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna.	2
C. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham,	2
F. by Eclipse, out of Maria West,	1
C. by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peacham,	1
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peacham,	8 months.
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West,	8
F. by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Gohanna;	8

Terms, 12 months. [d23-2t] Petersburg, Dec. 18, 1837.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 8¼ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse*. He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. grandam the old Shamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1834—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:52.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Truffle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats, he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 236, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 541, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SWEEPSTAKES,—HUNTSVILLE, Ala.

SWEEPSTAKES race, to be run over the Huntsville Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1839, sub. $300, forfeit $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1836. To close 15th Dec., 1837. Two mile heats.

James W. Camp names br. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Sir Archy.
W. H. Turner names br. c. by Marion, dam by Timoleon.

2d. Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville, Ala., Course, on the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1840, sub. $300, ft. $100, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1837. Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Dec., 1837.

Nicholas Davis names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Imp. Design.
Willis H. Bodie names ch. c. Governor Branch, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Wonder.
George Elliott names f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Hibernia.
James W. Camp names b. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Country Maid.
John Connally names ch. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
Blevins & Kimble name b. f. by Imp. Consol, out of Lady Huntsville.
" " " b. f. by Wild Bill, out of Mulatto Girl by Bertrand.
John Connally names b. f. by Editor, out of Betsey Baker by Sir Archy.
Henry B. Turner names br. c. by Imp. Consol, out of Betsey Baker by Timoleon.

3d. Produce Sweepstakes to be run over the Huntsville Course the day preceding the regular Jockey Club meeting, Fall of 1841, sub. $500, ft. $500, free for colts and fillies dropped Spring of 1838, Two mile heats. To close 15th Dec., 1838.

W. H. Gee names c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Brunette by Sir Hal.
Willis H. Bodie names produce of Imp. Leviathan and Wonder, full sister to Oscar.
Nicholas Davis names produce of Kitty Clover and Imp. Glencoe.
James W. Camp names produce of Country Maid and Imp. Leviathan.
Blevins & Kimble name produce of Lady Huntsville and Imp. Glencoe.
John Connally names produce of Red Maria and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
Vance Johnson names produce of Lucetta (by Jerry) and Imp. Chateau Margaux.

Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 2, 1837. [n11]

HAMPTON RACES.

THE Races over the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, Ga., will commence on the first Tuesday in February, 1838, and continue during the week.

First Day—A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, sub. $1000, h. ft., declaration $100, Two mile heats. Closed with six subs.

M. L. Hammond names ch. c. Gerow, by Henry, dam by Eclipse.
Col. W. Hampton names b. f. Emily, by Emilius, out of Elizabeth.
John Morrison names b. c. Target, by Luzborough, dam by Sir Archie
John S. Ashe names ch. f. by Godolphin out of Sally Taylor.
E. M. Seabrook names ch. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Miss Midway.
Wm. McCargo names b. c. Stael, by Imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Sally Eubanks.

Second Day—A handsome Silver Plate, valued at $250, to which will be added $150 cash, Two mile heats. The Plate is given by a friend to the Turf.

Third Day—Purse $600, Three mile heats.

Fourth Day—Purse $1500, $500 to be given to the second horse in the race, provided he saves his distance, and that three start. Four mile heats.

Fifth Day—Purse $500, $100 to be given to the second horse in the race. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

The proprietors, after a vast deal of expense and labor, have at length fitted up this course, and it is admitted by visitors to be equal, if not superior, to any in the United States, in point of its fixtures, its locality, and its superiority of soil as a training track. The owners of horses, trainers, and riders, say from forty to fifty, can be accommodated with the utmost convenience and comfort.

Twelve or fifteen gentlemen, wishing *measureably* retirement from the noise and bustle of the city, can be furnished with excellent rooms.

Their stables are not inferior to any in America: they can stable from forty to fifty race horses.

☞ A number of fine horses will attend, and great sport is anticipated.

[d23] F. W. LACY, *Acting Proprietor.*

SALE OF BLOODED STOCK.

THE Subscriber will sell at private sale the following half, full, and thorough-bred animals. The pedigrees, so far as given, are known to be correct.

Civil John, gr. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Virginia Grey by Packingham, grandam by Melzar, he by Imp. Medley. This colt ran, whilst lame, second in both heats of the two mile race at Charlestown, Kenawha, in September last—the only time he ever started. He is half brother to the distinguished mare Ironette. His sire and her sire were also by the same horse, the renowned Sir Archy.—Price $1500.

Tomahawk, b. c., foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall by Haxall's Moses, grandam by Imp. Speculator, g. grandam by Imp. Dare Devil.—Price $500. Untried.

Mickinack, br. c. (Turtle), foaled spring of 1834, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Chiaxco, br. c. foaled spring of 1835, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall, as above.—Price $500. Untried.

Br. g. ——, foaled spring of 1836, by Tariff, out of Mary Haxall—Price $150.

Surveyor, gr. c. foaled spring of 1833, by Tariff, out of Patty Renick by McComb's Arabian, grandam by Imp. Spread Eagle. His (McComb's Arabian) sire was by the horse sent by the Bey of Tunis to President Jefferson, his dam was the Arabian mare sent at the same time—Price $500.

Mary Punch, b. f. 4 years old last August, by Marylander, (vide Turf Register, vol. 1, pages 417, 35, 89, 532, 23, and 576,) out of Kate by Tuckahoe, grandam by Imp. Pantaloon, g grandam the famous running mare, Bradley Bean's Maria by Imp. Punch—Price $500.

Also, the thorough bred imported Short-horned Durham Bull, *Whitaker*, the *twin getter* calved June 12th, 1834, got by Norfolk, out of Minna, Mr. Whitaker's (of England) favorite cow. The three first cows which calved from this bull the past summer, produced twins—making the fifth pair of his get in a twelvemonth, from a limited number of cows—Price $1200. D. M'ARTHUR.

☞ Letters addressed to W. Marshall Anderson, Chillicothe, Ohio, on the subject of the above, will be promptly answered.

Chillicothe, November, 1837. [d9-3t]

SITUATION WANTED.

AN ENGLISH GROOM that can adduce the best references for his probity and faithfulness, is desirous of procuring a situation as assistant in a training stable, or in a gentleman's family. He is acquainted with the management of horses, and will make himself generally useful. Notes addressed to "P. R." and left at this office, will meet prompt attention

FRENCH CORK-SOLED BOOTS.

EUGENE FERRIS, 44 Nassau-street, between Maiden-Lane and Liberty-street, invites public attention to his present extensive stock of Cork-Soled Boots, which will be found superior to any manufactured in this city. His attention to this branch of the business is unceasing, which has gained for him the most extensive trade in that line in this city. They are warranted to combine durability with comfort, and are recommended by gentlemen of the faculty, who are in the constant habit of using them for several years, as the best article for the preservation of health, and the comfort of those who may be affected with consumptive disease. He is constantly supplied with double-soled boots of a very superior quality. A splendid supply of French Patent Leather Dancing Pumps, Buffalo Sole Pumps, and every other article connected with the business. He requires but one trial to convince the public, that his boots, pumps, &c., are of the best description, and will give general satisfaction. [d23-tf.]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restoroive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [A26]

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Seventh) of this paper was commenced on the 18th of February, 1837, being the *second* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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